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LIBRARY OF THE
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AMIR KHAN,

OTHER POEMS:

THE REMAINS OF

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON,

//
WHO DIED AT PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

AUGUST 27, 1825, AGED 16 YEARS AND 11 MONTHS.

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,

BY

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, A. M.

"In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely, should have a lot so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers."

Bryant.

NEW YORK.

G. & C. & H. CARVILL,—108 BROADWAY.

1829.

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EXCHANGE

SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, SS.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the thirteenth day of April, A. D. 1829, in the fifty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, G. & C. & H. CARVILL, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"AMIR KHAN, AND OTHER POEMS: the Remains of LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON, who died at Plattsburgh, N. Y. August 27, 1825, aged 16 years and eleven months. With a Biographical Sketch, By SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, A. M.

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In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

FREDERICK J. BETTS,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

R. & G. S. WOOD, PRINTERS.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

IN the autumn of 1827, while at Albany, a friend of mine brought to my lodgings a number of volumes of manuscripts, in poetry and prose, which he informed me were the productions of a little girl, a protégé of his, by whose early death, before she had attained the age of seventeen years, the fondest expectations of a distinguished maturity were suddenly blasted.

Considering the youth of the fair authoress, I had prepared myself, before I opened the volumes, to make many abatements of the praises which were lavished upon her. I was prepared to allow much for the natural blindness of that affection for a beautiful child, which leads us unconsciously to overlook its faults; and much to that enthusiasm which often exaggerates a little uncommon sprightliness and intelligence, into extraordinary genius, and anticipates for its possessor a brilliant career, but seldom realized. But with all the abatement thus made, I found, from the emotions produced, while hastily reading her productions, that I was perusing the works of a child of genuine poetic feeling; and the exclamation would often involuntarily escape me, "Can this be the work of a girl of fourteen?" I must not, however, forestall the judgment of the reader. I urged upon my friend the propriety of their publication, and in the enthusiasm of the moment, I assented to his request, to prepare a *biographical sketch*, and to make a *selection* from such of her writings as her friends

might deem proper to meet the public eye. I feel the responsibilities of the services I have undertaken. The time devoted to the task, (if that may be called a task, where the attendant pleasures have so greatly exceeded the pains,) has necessarily been those moments of relaxation from the duties of a profession which scarcely admits of leisure.

The materials for the biography of this interesting girl have been furnished me by many of her friends, but especially by her mother, who early perceived and appreciated the genius of her daughter, and watched and fostered it with all a mother's solicitude.

EDITOR.

New York, May 1, 1829.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON, the second daughter of Dr. Oliver and Mrs. Margaret Davidson, was born at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, in the state of New-York, on the 27th day of September, 1808. There was nothing that occurred during her infancy worthy of notice, unless it be the early developement of a disposition, which seemed to be composed of the two extremes of thoughtfulness and vivacity. She showed, even at the early age of four years, that fondness for studious retirement which was observable in after life. She shunned the childish pastimes of her schoolmates, and when sought for, was generally found with her little books, her pen, ink, and paper, in some secluded spot, where she might study undisturbed. All efforts to ascertain what was the nature of her writing, proved unavailing for a long time ; for, upon any sur-

prise, she would conceal, or hastily destroy all her labour. The constant and rapid disappearance of the writing-paper, which was always within her reach, at length excited the curiosity of her parents, and led them to question her as to the use she made of it. Tears were the only answer they obtained, until one day, accident revealed what other means had hitherto failed to discover. Her mother, while searching in a dark and unfrequented closet, found a large quantity of the writing-paper folded in the form of little books, and written full of strange, and apparently illegible characters. Upon examining them more closely, however, the characters were found to be printed letters, some formed backwards, some standing sideways, and with no spaces between the words. These, after much difficulty, were decyphered, and found to consist of regular rhymes and metre, having for their subject the explanation of a picture which she had generally rudely drawn upon the opposite page. When Lucretia learned that her treasures had been found, she appeared greatly distressed, and could not be pacified until she had recovered them; and as soon as they were in her possession again, she secretly committed them all to the flames. Thus it may be said of this little girl, with as much justice, perhaps, as of Cowley, Milton, and Pope, that she “lisp'd in numbers.”

As she grew, her thirst for knowledge increased ; her desire for books was unbounded. She did not read carelessly, but was intent on knowing every thing that seemed obscure ; she laid the knowledge of each one in the family under contribution to satisfy her inquiries. She early discovered a propensity for drawing, but not more remarkable, perhaps, than is frequently observed in children of her age.

The earliest specimen of her versification which is left, (since she destroyed her little books,) is an Epitaph, (composed before she was nine years old,) upon an unfledged robin, killed, as children's pets generally are, by too much kindness and nursing.

Her application increased with her years. The field of knowledge seemed, at times, to open so vast before her, as almost to overwhelm her, and she would frequently exclaim with impatience, "*Oh that I could grasp all at once.*" The pecuniary state of her father's family, was such as to render it proper that much of her time should be devoted to domestic duties. For these, however, she had no taste : she never hesitated to perform the duty that was assigned her, but completing her task with surprising alacrity, she would be found in her retirement, surrounded with her books, pen, and papers, thus showing that the passion for literature was predominant and unconquerable.

At eleven years of age, her father took her, on the

evening of a celebration of Washington's birth-day, to see the decorations of the room in which was to be the ball. Uninfluenced by the novelty or gaiety of what she saw, the *character* of Washington seemed wholly to absorb her thoughts: she had read his life, and when she returned home, she seized her paper, and, after having sketched upon it a cinerary urn, she composed the following lines:

And does a hero's dust lie here?
Columbia, gaze, and drop a tear!
His country's and the orphan's friend,
See thousands o'er his ashes bend!

Among the heroes of the age,
He was the warrior and the sage!
He left a train of glory bright,
Which never will be hid in night.

The toils of war and danger past,
He reaps a rich reward at last;
His pure soul mounts on Cherub's wings,
And now with saints and angels sings.

The brightest on the list of fame,
In golden letters shines his name;
Her trump shall sound it through the world,
And the striped banner ne'er be furled.

And every sex, and every age,
From lisping boy to learned sage,
The widow, and her orphan son,
Revere the name of Washington.

These lines were considered by her friends, to whom they were shown, so extraordinary for a child of her age, that an aunt of Lucretia could not believe them to be original, but hinted that they might have been *copied*. When Lucretia perceived that a suspicion of plagiarism was attached to her, she was inconsolable. She wept as if her heart would break, not knowing of any way by which she could convince her aunt of her honesty. The expedient which she adopted to dispel any doubt on the subject shows her readiness and ingenuity. The moment she became composed, she took her pen and indited the following lines to her aunt ;

TO MY AUNT P—— T——.

I wish I ne'er had shown my piece
On General Washington ;
Aunt P——, in a thing like this,
I all deceit will shun.

My dearest aunt, can you suppose,
Baseness in me like this ?
To steal the lines on Washington
Would be a shameful vice.

The work is mine—why should you doubt ?
It's not so very well :
What all this fuss is made about,
I'm sure I cannot tell,

And if another author's piece
I should on you impose,
I fear the hero's ghost would rise,
And rob me of repose.

It is needless to add the expedient was successful.

All the time that her indulgent parents could allow her to take from her domestic avocations, was spent by Lucretia in improving her mind. Before she was twelve years of age, she had read most of the standard English poets, and much history, sacred and profane; the whole of Shakspeare's, Kotzebue's, and Goldsmith's dramatic works, and many of the popular novels and romances of the day. She used discrimination, however, in these latter. Those mawkish novels, that tend merely to excite a sickly sensibility, she threw aside the moment she discovered their character. The great book of Nature too was constantly her study. She observed every thing. Frequently absorbed in reverie, she has been known to watch the storm, and the retiring clouds, and the rainbow, and the setting sun, for hours.

When she was about twelve years of age, she was destined to suffer many privations on account of family afflictions; her mother, to whom she looked for direction, became so great an invalid, as to be confined to her room and bed, for many months. This circumstance, while it robbed the daughter of her mother's

attentions, also demanded the daughter's care for the mother, and deprived her of her usual opportunities to improve her mind. But it also afforded an opportunity for showing filial regard and self-denial, by every act of kindness to her mother. One circumstance, illustrating her disposition at this time, is worthy of record. A gentleman, who had expressed a wish to see some of her poetical productions, having heard a great deal of them, was so much gratified on perusing them, that he sent her twenty dollars in a complimentary note. She received this gratuity with all those manifestations of joy which a child would naturally display. She had longed most ardently to increase her library, and she felt, for a moment, that now she had the means of gratifying her desire; but, turning towards her sick mother, the tears came in her eyes, and remembering the straitened circumstances of her family, she in an instant thrust the bank note into her father's hand, saying, "*Take it, father, it will buy many comforts for mother; I can do without the books.*"

The literary habits of Lucretia, so unlike those of others around her, drew the attention of her friends, and some of them remonstrated with her parents on the course they were pursuing in her education. Without considering the nature of a mind like hers, they advised to a total change of measures. Instead

of indulging her any farther in literary pursuits, they advised depriving her entirely of pen, ink, paper, and books, and insisting on attention to domestic concerns. Had Lucretia been a child of but common promise, and had she shown no other evidence of genius than was indicated by her love for books, and her distaste for domestic duties, (a disposition which may arise from a no more elevated source than love of ease,) a course like that advised by her friends would doubtless have been right. But where these traits of character were in combination with inventive powers, which were constantly in exercise, producing their results in profusion, and of such promise ; and when they proceeded from a mind of such a delicate and sensitive cast, I cannot but think, that the course adopted by her mother, in allowing her to indulge her passion for literature was correct ; and that she did right in trusting to Providence to assign an extraordinary lot to a child, whom he had endowed with extraordinary gifts. At all events, rigid measures ought never to be adopted to check the sanguine and vivid imaginings of the poetic temperament. Harshness and unkindness are felt with tenfold keenness. Its possessor may often be led by persuasion, but can never be driven by compulsion, without danger to the happiness, and sometimes even to the life of the individual.

This opinion of Lucretia's friends was carefully

concealed from her, lest it should wound her feelings ; but by accident she discovered it. As might have been expected, she was deeply distressed at the discouragement thus thrown in her way. But under the influence of principle, she determined to show her friends, that she could sacrifice that which constituted her greatest delight, at the shrine of duty ; and she resolved to give up her pen and books, and devote herself entirely to domestic duties. For several months she adhered rigidly to her resolution. But the fire was not extinguished. It inwardly burned ; and the deep dejection which marked her countenance, and a wasting frame, alarmed her friends for the consequences of the course which she had adopted.

Her mother perceived that she no longer read or wrote, and that often while performing her domestic duties, the tears would trickle down her cheeks, in spite of her endeavours to conceal them. She said to her, one day, "Lucretia, it is a long time since you have written any thing." She burst into tears, and replied, "Oh, mother, I have given that up long ago." But why?" said her mother. After much agitation, she replied, "I am convinced from what my friends have said, and from what I see, that I have done wrong in pursuing the course I have. I well know the circumstances of the family are such, that it requires the united efforts of every member to sustain it ; and since

my eldest sister is now gone, it becomes my duty to do every thing in my power to lighten the cares of my parents." Her mother advised her to pursue a middle course; not to relinquish her books and writing altogether, nor to pay exclusive attention to them. She, therefore, occasionally resumed her pen, and seemed comparatively happy. Her desire for knowledge still increased as she grew more capable of appreciating its worth, and her longings for instruction might put to shame many an idler of mature age. "Oh!" she said one day to her mother, "that *I* only possessed half the means for improvement which I see others slighting. I should be the happiest of the happy. I am now sixteen years old, and what do I know?—Nothing!—Nothing compared with what I have yet to learn; time is passing rapidly by; that time usually allotted to the improvement of youth, and how dark are *my* prospects in regard to this favourite wish of my heart." Again, she observed, "How much there is yet to learn! If I could only grasp it at once—but it is folly in me to talk so; learning is only to be acquired by industrious application."

The dark cloud which hung over her future pathway, was, however, now to be dissipated. In October, 1824, a gentleman, on a visit to Plattsburgh, saw some of her productions, learned the circumstances in which she was placed, and her ardent desire for education,

and with that promptness which belongs to a warm-hearted and generous nature, he immediately resolved to afford her every advantage which the best schools in the country could furnish. She was informed that her every wish, in this respect, should be gratified. The first announcement of this plan was almost too much for her sensitive feelings. Suffice it to say, that the offer was most joyfully accepted; and as soon as preparations could be made, she left home, and was placed at the Troy Female Seminary, under the instruction of Mrs. Willard. It is unnecessary to follow her minutely through her various exercises. Here she had every advantage which she desired; and with the most unremitting attention, she pursued her studies during the few months in which she remained at Troy. Her application, alas! was too incessant, and its effects on her constitution, already somewhat debilitated by previous disease, became apparent, in increased nervous sensibility. Her letters, at this time, exhibit the two extremes of feeling in a marked degree. They abound in the most sprightly, or most gloomy speculations, bright hopes and lively fancies, or despairing fears and gloomy forebodings.

In one of her letters, speaking of her situation at the seminary, she says, "Oh! I am so happy, so contented now, that every unusual movement startles me; I

am constantly afraid that something will happen to *mar* it."

Again, she says, "I hope the expectations of my friends will not be disappointed ; but I am afraid you all calculate upon *too much*. I hope not, for I am not capable of much. I can study and be industrious, but I fear I shall not equal the hopes which you say are raised."

During the vacation, in which she returned to Plattsburgh, she had a serious illness, which left her feeble, and more sensitive than ever. On her recovery, she was placed at the school of Miss Gilbert, in Albany, where she remained, however, but a short time, as a more alarming illness brought her to the very borders of the grave. When recovered so far as to be able to travel, she returned with her mother, for the last time, to Plattsburgh. The hectic flush of her cheek told but too plainly, that a fatal disease had fastened upon her constitution, and must, ere long, inevitably triumph. The unremitting care of her father and mother, and her other friends, who surrounded her, availed nothing. She gradually sunk away, and on the 27th of August, 1825, she died ; before she had completed her seventeenth year.

Thus prematurely perished, in the flower of life, this interesting girl.

“The flower of genius withers in its bloom.”

Her death-bed scene was not without some affecting incidents. Her ruling passion showed itself strong in death. Forbidden to read, she found the greatest pleasure in being allowed to handle the books which composed her library. She frequently took them up and kissed them, and at length requested them to be placed at the foot of her bed, where she might constantly see them; and she would often say to her mother, “O mother, what a feast I shall have, by and by.” No one, I think, can read the last unfinished piece she wrote upon her death-bed, “The Fear of Madness,” and imagine the occasion and time of its production, without being affected. Even its defective metre, in some parts, adds to its pathos, and the abrupt termination before the sense, or the stanza is completed, must strike every one as in melancholy keeping with her history.

In person, Miss Davidson was possessed of great beauty; a high, open forehead, a soft, black eye, perfect symmetry of features, fair complexion, and luxuriant, dark hair. The prevailing expression of her face was melancholic. Her writings, with a few exceptions, partake of this character of her mind.

Although from her beauty of person, and from her mental endowments, she was the object of much admiration and attention, yet she shunned observation,

and often sought relief from the pain it seemed to inflict upon her, by retiring from the company. In disposition, she was gentle, and most affectionate and dutiful. While at the seminary, she thus writes to her mother: "I hope you will feel no uneasiness as to my health or happiness, for, save the thoughts of my dear mother, and her lonely life, and the idea that my dear father is slaving himself, and wearing out his very life to earn a subsistence for his family—save these thoughts, (and I can assure you, mother, they come not seldom,) I am happy.—Oh! how often I think, if I could have but one half the means I now expend, and be at liberty to divide that half with mamma, how happy I should be;——cheer up, and keep good courage."

She was particularly sensitive to music; but there was one song to which she took a special fancy, and wished to hear it only at twilight. The effect upon her nerves was somewhat remarkable. She would become cold, and *pale*, and near to fainting, and yet the song was her greatest favourite; it was Moore's "Farewell to his Harp," and is the subject of her "address to her sister," p. 107.

Her habits of study are worthy of notice; she composed with great rapidity; as fast as most persons usually copy. There are several instances of four or five pieces on different subjects, and containing three or four stanzas each, written on the same day. Her

thoughts flowed so rapidly, that she often expressed the wish, that she had two pair of hands, that she might employ them to transcribe. The stanzas to the "Head-ach" were composed in twenty minutes. When "*in the vein*," she would write standing, and be wholly abstracted from the company present and their conversation. But if composing a piece of some length, she wished to be entirely alone. She shut herself into her room; darkened the windows, and in summer placed her Æolian harp in the window. In those pieces on which she bestowed more than ordinary pains, she was very secret, and if they were by any accident discovered in their unfinished state, she seldom completed them, and often destroyed them. She cared little for any of her works after they were completed; some, indeed, she preserved with care for future correction, but a great proportion she destroyed; very many that are preserved, were rescued from the flames by her mother. Of a complete poem, in five cantos, called "*Rodri*," and composed when she was thirteen years of age, a single canto, and part of another, are all that are saved from a destruction which she supposed had obliterated every vestige of it.

She was often in danger, when walking, from carriages, &c. in consequence of her absence of mind. When engaged in a poem of some length, she has often forgotten her meals. A single incident, illustrating

this trait in her character is worth relating. She went out early one morning to visit a neighbour, promising to be at home to dinner. The neighbour being absent, she requested to be shown into the library. Here she became so absorbed in her book, standing, with her bonnet unremoved, that the darkness of the coming night first reminded her that she had forgotten her meals, and expended the entire day in reading.

Of the literary character of her writings, it does not, perhaps, become me largely to speak; yet I must hazard the remark, that her defects will be perceived to be those of youth and inexperience, while in invention and in that mysterious power of exciting deep interest, of enchaining the attention, and keeping it alive to the end of the story; in that adaptation of the measure to the sentiment, and in the sudden change of measure to suit a sudden change of sentiment, in wild and romantic description, and in the congruity of the accompaniments to her characters, all conceived with great purity and delicacy, she will be allowed to have discovered uncommon maturity of mind; and her friends to have been warranted in forming very high expectations of her future distinction.

If high expectations were formed of Milton's future fame from the versification of two Psalms, at the age of *fifteen*, there would seem to be much stronger reasons, (if talent at that age were a sure criterion,)

for forming high expectations of this little girl; but as Dr. Johnson justly observes, "Many have excelled Milton in their first essays, who never rose to works like *Paradise Lost*." To those, however, who have the curiosity to compare productions of the same age, I have inserted in the note* the two Psalms paraphrased by Milton, and refer the reader to versifica-

* MILTON'S PARAPHRASE OF PSALMS CXIV. & CXXXVI.

[WRITTEN IN HIS FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Psalms cxiv.

When the blessed seed of Terah's faithful son,
After long toil their liberty had won;
And passed from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand;
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known:
That saw the troubled sea, and, shivering, fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath received the foil.
The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes; the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? and why skipped the mountains?
Why turned Jordan toward his chrystal fountains?
Shake, earth; and at the presence be aghast
Of him that ever was, and aye shall last:
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

tions of parts of Scripture by Miss Davidson, entitled "Charity," at twelve years of age, "Ruth's answer to Naomi," "David and Jonathan," &c.

From her habits of constant study, and the facility with which she usually composed, it will not seem sur-

Psalm cxxxvi.

Let us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God.
For his, &c.

O! let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
For his, &c.

Who, with his miracles, doth make
Amazed heaven and earth to shake.
For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state.
For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain.
For his, &c.

Who, by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, &c.

prising that she should have written much ; but that she should have written so voluminously as has been ascertained, is almost incredible. Her poetical writings which have been collected, amount in all to 278 pieces of various lengths ; when it is considered, that

And caused the golden-tressed sun,
All the day long his course to run.

For his, &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.

For his, &c.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt land.

For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel.

For his, &c.

The ruddy waves, he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main.

For his, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass
While the Hebrew bands did pass.

For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.

For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness.

For his, &c.

among these are at least five regular poems, of several cantos each, some estimate may be formed of her poetical labours. Beside these, were twenty-four school-exercises, three unfinished romances, a com-

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.

For his, &c.

He foiled bold Seon and his host,
That ruled the Amorrean coast.

For his, &c.

And large limbed Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.

For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel,
He gave their land therein to dwell.

For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Beheld us in our misery.

For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

For his, &c.

Let us, therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.

For his, &c.

plete tragedy, written at thirteen years of age, and about forty letters, in a few months, to her mother alone. To this statement should also be appended the fact, that a great portion of her writings she destroyed. Her mother observes, "*I think I am justified in saying, that she destroyed at least one third of all she wrote.*"

Of her religious character, evidence is abundant to warrant the hope that she is now the inhabitant of a happier world, and that her youthful harp is sounding in higher strains, the praises of Him whom she often celebrated in her earthly songs. To the Saviour, for comfort, she is perceived to direct those mourners, to whom she addressed many of her consolatory lays. See "*Death of an Infant.*" In all the relations of life, she seemed to act from religious principle. A fear, from her very infancy, of deceit or prevarication; a reverence for God, and sacred things; a delight in studying the Scriptures, all evinced a heart early touched with piety.

Towards her parents, she was dutiful; towards her brothers and sisters, affectionate; towards her patron,

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

grateful to the last moment—his name was the last she ever uttered ; towards her teachers, she was considerate, and she expresses herself, in all her letters, warmly attached to them. In her friendships, she was ardent and constant ; and towards all with whom she had intercourse, artless and gentle.

In her last illness, she was sensible of her approaching dissolution, but she looked at death without alarm ; and in conversation with her friends, “ expressed her firm faith in the Christian religion, her reliance on the divine promises, and her hope of salvation on the merits of the Saviour alone.”

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AMIR KHAN.

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AMIR KHAN.

[WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.]

PART I.

BRIGHTLY o'er spire, and dome, and tower,
The pale moon shone at midnight hour,
While all beneath her smile of light
Was resting there in calm delight ;
Evening with robe of stars appears,
Bright as repentant Peri's tears,
And o'er her turban's fleecy fold
Night's crescent streamed its rays of gold,
While every chrystal cloud of Heaven,
Bowed as it passed the queen of even.

Beneath—calm Cashmere's lovely vale¹
Breathed perfumes to the sighing gale ;
The amaranth and tuberose,
Convolvulus in deep repose,
Bent to each breeze which swept their bed,
Or scarcely kiss'd the dew and fled ;
The bulbul, with his lay of love ;²
Sang 'mid the stillness of the grove ;
The gulnare blushed a deeper hue,³
And trembling shed a shower of dew,
Which perfumed e'er it kiss'd the ground,
Each zephyr's pinion hovering round.
The lofty plane-tree's haughty brow⁴
Glitter'd beneath the moon's pale glow ;
And wide the plantain's arms were spread,⁵
The guardian of its native bed.

Where was Amreta at this hour ?
Say ! was she slumbering in her bower ?
Or gazing on this scene of rest,
Less calm, less peaceful than her breast ?

Or was she resting in the dream
Of brighter days on Fortune's stream ?
Or was she weeping Friendship broken,
Or sighing o'er Love's withered token ?

No !—she was calmly resting there,
Her eye nor spoke of hope nor fear,
But, 'mid the blaze of splendour round,
Forever bent upon the ground,
Their long, dark lashes hid from view,
The brilliant glances which they threw.
Her cheek was neither pale nor red ;
The rose, upon its summer-bed,
Could never boast so faint a hue,
So faint, and yet so brilliant too !

Though round her, Cashmere's incense streamed ;
Though Persia's gems around her beamed ;
Though diamonds of Golconda shed
Their warmest lustre o'er her head ;
Though music lulled each fear to sleep,
Soft as the night-wind o'er the deep ;

Just waking love and calm delight,
Kindling Hope's watch-fire clear and bright ;
For her, though Cashmere's roses twine
Together round the parent vine ;
And though to her, as Cashmere's Star,
Knelt the once haughty Subahdar ;⁶
Still, still Amreta gazed unmoved,
Nor sighed, nor smiled, nor owned she loved !
But like the Parian marble there,
As bright, as exquisitely fair,
She seemed by Nature formed to be,
A being purely heavenly.
But never from those lips of red
A single syllable had fled,
Since Amir Khan first bless'd the hour⁷
That placed Amreta in his bower ;
Within that bower 'mid twining roses,
Upon whose leaves the breeze reposes,
She sits unmoved, while round her flow,
Strains of sweet music, sad, and low,
Or now in softer numbers breathing,
A song of love and sorrow wreathing,

Such strains as in wild sweetness ran
Through the sad breast of Amir Khan !

He lov'd,—and oh !—he loved so well
That sorrow scarce dared break the spell ;
Though oft Suspicion whispered near
One vague, one sadly boding fear,
A fear that Heaven in wrath had made
That face with seraph-charms array'd,
And then denied in mockery there,
A heart within a form so fair !—

* * * * *

Cool and refreshing sighs the breeze
Through the long walk of tzinnar trees,⁸
And cool upon the water's breast
The pale moon rocks herself to rest,—
Yes ! calmer, brighter, cooler far
Than the fever'd brow of the Subahdar !

Amreta was fair as the morning beam
As it gilds the wave of the Wuller's stream,⁹

But oh she was cold as the marble floor
That glitters beneath the nightly shower.
Where was that eye which none could scan,
Which once belonged to Amir Khan ?
Where was that voice that mocked the storm ;
Where was that tall, majestic form ?
That eye was turn'd in love and wo
Upon Amreta's changeless brow,
That haughty form was bending low,
That voice was utt'ring vow on vow,
Beneath the lofty plane-tree's shade,
Before that cold Circassian maid !

“ Oh speak ! Amreta—but one word !
Let one soft sigh confess I'm heard !
Those eyes, (than those of yon gazelle
More bright,) a tale of love might tell !
Then speak, Amreta ! raise thine eye,
Blush, smile, or answer with one sigh.”

But 'twas in vain—no sigh—no word
Told that his humble suit was heard :

Veiled 'neath their silken lashes there,
Her dark eyes glanc'd no answer'd prayer,
Upon her cheek no blush was straying,
Around her lip no smile was playing,
And calm despair reigned darkly now,
O'er Amir Khan's deep-clouded brow.

What pity that so fair a form
Should want a heart with feeling warm !
What pity that an eye so bright
Should beam o'er Reason's clouded night !
And like a star on Mahmoud's wave,¹⁰
Should glitter o'er a dreary grave :
A dark abyss—a sunless day,
An endless night without one ray.

'Twas at that calm, that silent hour,
When the tall poppy sheds its shower,
When all on earth, and all on high
Seemed breathing slumber's sweetest sigh :
At that calm hour, when Peris love
To gaze upon the Heaven above,

Whose portals bright with many a gem,
Are closed—for ever closed on *them* ;
'Twas at this silent, solemn hour,
That, gliding from his summer-bower,
The Subahdar with noiseless step,
Rush'd like the night-breeze o'er the deep.

Where flies the haughty Subahdar ?
Onward he flies—to where afar
Proud Hirney-Purvet rears his head^{1 1}
High above Cashmere's blooming bed,
And twines his turban's fleecy fold
With many a brilliant ray of gold.

There, 'neath a plantain's sacred shade,
Which deep, and dark, and widely spread,
Al Shinar's high prophetic form
Held secret counsel with the storm ;
His hand had grasped, with fearless might,
The mantle of descending night ;
Such matchless skill the prophet knew,
Such wondrous feats his hand could do,

'That Persia's realm astonished saw,
And Cashmere's valley gazed with awe !

Low bow'd the lofty Amir Khan,
Before the high and mighty man,
And bending o'er the Naptha stream,
Which onward rolled its fiery gleam,
The Subahdar in murmurs told
Of beauteous form, of bosom cold,
Of rayless eye, of changeless cheek,
Of tongue which could or would not speak.

At length the mourner's tale had ceased,
He crossed his arms upon his breast,
He spoke no word—he breath'd no sigh,
But keenly fixed his piercing eye
Upon Al Shinar's gloomy brow,
In all the deep despair of wo.
The prophet paused ;—his eye he raised,
And stern and earnestly he gazed,
As if to pierce the sable veil
Which would conceal the mournful tale ;—

When, starting, with a sudden blow,
He op'd a portal dark and low,
Which shrouded from each mortal eye
Al Shinar's cavern broad and high ;
'Twas bright, 'twas exquisitely bright,
For founts of rich and living light.
There poured their burning treasures forth,
Which sought again the parent earth.

Rich vases, with sweet incense streaming,
Mirrors a flood of brilliance beaming,
Fountain, and bath, and curling stream,
At every turn before them beam ;
And marble pillars, pure and cold,
And glittering roof, inlaid with gold,
And gems, and diamonds met his view,
In wild and rich profusion too ;
And had Amreta's smiles been given,
This place had been the Moslem heaven !

The prophet paused ; while Amir Khan
Gazed, awe-struck, at the wondrous man :

Al Shinar pluck'd a pale blue flower,
Which bent beneath the fountain's shower,
Then slowly turn'd towards Amir Khan
And placed the treasure in his hand.

“Mark me !” he cried :—“ this pensive flower,
Gathered at midnight's magic hour,
Will charm each passion of the breast,
And calm each throbbing nerve to rest,
'Twill leave thy bounding bosom warm,
But set death's seal upon thy form ;
'Twill leave thee stiff, and cold, and pale,
A slumberer 'neath an icy veil,
But still shall Reason's conscious reign,
Unbroken, undisturbed remain,
And thou shalt hear, and feel, and know
Each sigh, each touch, each throb of wo !”

Go, thou ! and if Amreta be
Worthy of love, and worthy thee,
When she beholds thee pale and cold,
Wrapp'd in the damp sepulchral fold ;—

When her eye wanders for that glow
Once burning on thy marble brow ;
Then, if her bosom's icy frame
Hath ever warmed 'neath passion's flame,
'Twill heave tumultuous as it glows
Like Baikal's everlasting throes ;
And if to-morrow eve you press
This pale, cold flow'ret to your breast,
Ere morning smiles, its spell will prove
If that cold heart be worth thy love !

AMIR KHAN.

PART II.

THERE's silence in the princely halls,
And brightly blaze the lighted walls,
While clouds of musk and incense rise
From vases of a thousand dyes,
And roll their perfumed treasures wide,
In one luxuriant fragrant tide ;
And glittering chandeliers of gold,
Reflecting fire from every fold,
Hung o'er the shrouded body there,
Of Cashmere's once proud Subahdar !

The chrystal's and the diamond's rays
Kindled a wide and brilliant blaze ;
The ruby's blush—the coral's too,
By Peris dipp'd in Henna's dew,—
The topaz's rich and golden ray,
The opal's flame,—the agate gray,
The amethyst of violet hue,
The sapphire with its heavenly blue,
The snow-white jasper sparkling there
Near the carbuncle's deepening glare ;
The warm carnelian's blushing glow,
Reflected back the brilliant flow
Of light, which in refulgent streams,
O'er hall, o'er bower, and fountain beams.

O'er beds of roses, bright with dew,
Unfolding modestly to view,
Each trembling leaf, each blushing breast,
In Cashmere's wildest sweetness dressed ;
Through vistas long,—through myrtle-bowers,
Where Amir Khan once passed his hours

In gazing on Amreta's face,
So full of beauty and of grace,
Through veils of silver, bright and clear,
It pour'd its soften'd radiance far ;
Or beam'd in pure and milky brightness,
O'er urns of alabaster whiteness ;
Through Persian screens of glittering gold,
O'er many an altar's sacred fold,
Where to eternity will blaze
The Naptha's never-fading rays,
The Gheber's fire, which dieth never,
But burns, and beams, and glows forever !

'Twas silent—not a voice was heard—
No sigh, no murmur, not one word,
Was echoed through that brilliant hall,
The spell of silence hung o'er all ;
For there had paus'd the wing of death,
The midnight Spirit's withering breath.

'Twas midnight !—and no murmur rose
To break the charm of deep repose ;—

The lake was glittering, and the breeze
Sighed softly through the tzinnar-trees,
And kiss'd the Wuller's wave of blue,
Or sipped the gul's bright trembling dew ;
But not a murmur, not a sigh
Was wafted by the night-breeze by,
Through that wide hall and princely bower,
At midnight's calm and silent hour !

O ! where was love his night-watch keeping ?
Or was the truant sweetly sleeping ?
Where was he at that hour of rest,
By *him* created, claimed and bless'd ?
Where were the tears of love and sorrow,
The sigh which sympathy can borrow ?
Where were regret, and sad despair ?
Where was Amreta ?—where, O where ?

Hark ! 'tis the night-breeze, softly playing,
Through veils of glittering silver straying—
No ! 'tis a step—so quick, so light,
That the gentle flower, which weeps at night,

Would raise again its drooping head,
To greet the footstep which had fled.

'Tis not the breeze which floats around,
Lifting the light veil from the ground,
No ! 'tis a form of heavenly mein
Hath dared to draw the curtain's screen.

Dimly behind the fluttering veil,
Which trembles in the breathing gale,
That form appears of seraph mould
Beneath a light cloud's fleecy fold.
The veil is drawn with hasty hand,
Loosed is the rich embroider'd band—
'Tis solemn solitude around,
There's not a murmur, not a sound—
Again a snowy hand is seen,
Again is raised the silken screen,
And lo ! with light and noiseless tread,
Amreta glides towards the dead !

Her veil was fluttering in the air,
Her brow, as Parian marble fair,
Was glittering bright with many a gem,
Set in a brilliant diadem ;
Her long dark hair was floating far,
Braided with many a diamond star ;
Her eye was raised, and O that eye
Seemed only formed to gaze on high !
For O more piercing bright its beam
Than diamonds 'neath Golconda's stream ;
That angel-eye was only given
To look upon its native heaven !
The glow upon her cheek was bright,
But it came, and it fled like a meteor's light ;
A brilliant tear was still lingering there,
And O it was shed for the Subahdar !

And, Amir Khan, thy heart has bled
O'er every tear Amreta shed ;
But ah ! Amreta weeps for *thee*,
O ! what is now thy ecstasy !

For Amir Khan, Amreta weeps,
Yet Amir Khan unheeding sleeps !
Like chrystal dew-drops purely glowing,
O'er his pale brow her tears are flowing ;
She wipes them with her veil away,
Less sacred far—less sweet than they !

Where was that eye which once had gazed
On her, for whom alone 'twas raised ?
Where was that glance of love and wo ?
Where was that bosom's throbbing glow ?
All, all was cold, and silent there,
And all was death, and dark despair !
She hid her face, now cold and pale,
Within her sweetly-scented veil ;
Then seized her lute, and a strain so clear,
So mournful arose upon the air,
That oh ! it was sweet as the music of heaven,
O'er a lost one returning, a sinner forgiven !
Such notes as repentance in sorrow might sing,
Notes wafted to heaven by Israfil's wing :—

SONG.

Bright Star of the Morning!—this bosom is cold,—
I was forced from my native shade,
And I wrapp'd me around with my mantle's fold,
A sad, mournful Circassian maid!

And I then vowed that rapture should never move
This changeless cheek, this rayless eye,
And I then vowed to feel neither bliss nor love,
But I vowed I would meet thee and die!

But each burning sigh which thy bosom has breath'd,
Seem'd melting that dark chain away;
The dark chain of silence that round me was wreath'd
On the morn of that fatal day!

Tis done!—and this night I have broken the vow
Which bound me in silence for ever,
But thy spirit hath fled from this world of wo,
To come again never! O never!

My soul, O how sad! and my heart, O how weary!
For thy bosom is cold to me;

Without thy fond smile the wide world is dreary,
Then I will fly quickly with thee !

Together we'll float down eternity's stream,
Twin stars on the breast of the billow,
The brilliance of Paradise round us shall beam,
And thy bosom shall be my pillow !

Then open thine arms, bright Star of the Morning !
My grave in thy bosom shall be !
The splendors of Heaven already are dawning,
My Heaven is only with *thee* !

Hushed were the words, and hushed the song,
Which sadly, sweetly, flowed along ;
But Amir Khan's warm heart beat high,
Though closed and rayless was his eye ;
And every note which struck his ear
Whispered that hovering angel near ;
And her warm tears which wet his cheek
Her now revealed love bespeak.

His bosom bounded to be free,
And fluttered wild with ecstasy !
O ! would the magic charm had pass'd !
Would that the morn would break at last !
But no ! it will not, may not be !
He is not, nor can yet be free !

But hark ! Amreta's murmurs rise,
Sweet as the bird's of Paradise ;
She bowed her head, and deeply sighed,
"Yes, Amir Khan, I am thy bride !
And here the crimson hand of Death
Shall wed us with a rosy wreath !
My blood shall join us as it flows,
And bind us in a deep repose !"

Beneath her veil a light is beaming,
A dagger in her hand is gleaming,
And livid was the light it threw,
A pale, cold, death-like stream of blue,
Around her form of angel brightness,
And o'er her brow of marble whiteness !

Awake ! O Amir Khan, awake !
Canst thou not rouse thee for *her* sake ?
Beside thee can Amreta stand,
The fatal dagger in her hand,
And canst thou still unconscious lie,
And see thy loved Amreta die ?
Awake thee ! Amir Khan, awake !
And rouse thee for Amreta's sake !

Like lightning from a midnight cloud,
The Subahdar from 'neath his shroud,
Burst the cold, magic, death-like band,
And snatched the dagger from her hand !
The maiden sunk upon his breast,
And deep and lengthened was her rest !
There was no sigh, no murmur there,
And scarcely breathed the Subahdar,
While almost fearing to be blessed,
He clasped Amreta to his breast !

Deep buried in his mantle's fold,
He felt not that her cheek was cold ;

His own heart throbbed with pleasure's thrill,
But whispered not that *hers* was still!—
Yes! the wild flow of blissful joy,
Which, bursting, threatened to destroy,
Gave to her soul a rest from feeling;
A transient torpor gently stealing
O'er beating pulse and throbbing breast,
Had calmed her every nerve to rest.
But see! the tide of life returns,
Once more her cheek with rapture burns,
Once more her dark eye's heavenly beam
Pours forth its full and piercing gleam,
Once more her heart is bounding high,
Too full to weep—too blessed to sigh!

NOTES TO AMIR KHAN.

I.

Beneath calm Cashmere's lovely vale, &c.

"*Cashmere*, called the happy valley, the garden in perpetual spring, and the Paradise of India."

II.

The bulbul with his lay of love, &c.

"The Bulbul or Nightingale."

III.

The gulnare blush'd a deeper hue, &c.

"Gulnare or Rose."

IV.

The lofty plane-tree's haughty brow, &c.

"*The Plane-tree*, that species termed *Platanus orientalis*, is commonly cultivated in Cashmere, where it is said to arrive at a greater

perfection than in any other country. This tree, which in most parts of Asia is called the *Chinur*, grows to the size of an oak, and has a taper, straight trunk, with a silver-coloured bark, and its leaf, not unlike an expanded hand, is of a pale green. When in full foliage it has a grand and beautiful appearance, and in hot weather affords a refreshing shade."—*Foster*.

V.

And wide the plantain's arms were spread, &c.

"Plantain-trees are supposed to prevent the plague from visiting places, where they are found in abundance."—*Middleton's Geography*.

VI.

Knelt the once haughty Subahdar, &c.

"Subahdar, or Governor."

VII.

Since Amir Khan first blessed the hour, &c.

To the east of this delightful spot is a fortified palace, erected by *Amir Khan*, a Persian, who was once Governor of Cashmere. He used to pass much of his time in this residence, which was curiously adapted to every species of Asiatic luxury.—See *Encyclopedia*, vol. v. Part 2.

VIII.

Through the long walks of tzinnar trees, &c.

"Their walks are curiously laid out, and set on both sides with *tzinnar-trees*, a species of poplar unknown in Europe. It grows to the

height of a pine, and bears a fruit resembling the chestnut, and it has broad leaves like those of the vine."—*Middleton's Geography*.

IX.

As it glides o'er the wave of the Wuller's stream, &c.

A beautiful river passes through Cashmere, called the *Ouller*, or *Wuller*. There is an outlet, where it runs with greater rapidity and force than elsewhere, between two steep mountains, whence proceeding, after a long course, it joins with the *Chelum*.

X.

And like a Star on Mahmoud's wave, &c.

"It appears like a lake covered with rocks and mountains. Stones, when thrown in, make a surprising noise, and the river itself is deemed unfathomable."—*Middleton's Geography*.

XI.

Proud *Hirney Purvit* rears his head &c.

There is an oval lake, which joins the *Chelum* towards the east.—The *Yucht Suliman* and *Hirney Purvit* form the two sides of what may be called a grand portal to the lake. They are hills; one of which is sacred to the great *Solyman*.

and have a very good view of the city and the harbor.

The view is very beautiful and the harbor is very large.

The harbor is very large and the view is very beautiful.

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CHICOMICO.

THIS Poem, I have discovered to be founded on the following actual occurrences : During the Seminole war, Duncan M. Rimmon, (the Rathmond of the poem,) a Georgia militiaman, was captured by the Indians. Hillis-adjo, their chief, condemned him to death. He was bound ; but while the instruments of torture were preparing, the tender-hearted daughter of Hillis-adjo (the Chicomico of the tale) threw herself between the prisoner and his executioners, and interceded with her father for his release. She was successful. His life was spared. In the progress of the war, however, it was the fate of the generous Hillis-adjo (the prophet Francis) himself to be taken a prisoner of war, and it was thought necessary to put him to death. These are the facts which Miss D. has wrought up, with other characters, (probably fictitious,) to compose the whole of this poem. The *first part* of the poem is so incomplete, that I have thought it best to introduce the reader immediately to the *second part*. The war had broken out. Chicomico had solicited the presence of Ompahaw, a venerable chief, to aid her father Hillis-adjo against the whites, with Rathmond at their head. The battle is described, the Indians are victorious, and Rathmond is taken prisoner. Here the second part commences.

EDITOR.

CHICOMICO.

[WRITTEN IN HER FOURTEENTH YEAR.]

PART II.

WHAT sight of horror, fear and wo,
Now greets chief Hillis-ha-ad-joe ?
What thought of blood now lights his eye ?
What victim foe is doomed to die ?
For his cheek is flushed and his air is wild,
And he cares not to look on his only child.
His lip quivers with rage, his eye flashes fire,
And his bosom beats high with a tempest of ire.
Alas ! 'tis Rathmond stands a prisoner now,
Awaiting death from Hillis-ha-ad-joe,
From Hillis-ha-ad-joe, the stern, the dread,

To whose vindictive, cruel, savage mind,
Loss after loss fast following from behind,
Had only added thirst insatiate for blood ;
And now he swore by all his heart held dear,
That limb from limb his victims he would tear.

But ah ! young Rathmond's case what tongue can tell ?
Upon his hapless fate what heart can dwell ?
To die when manhood dawns in rosy light,
 To be cut off in all the bloom of life,
To view the cup untasted snatched from sight,
 Is sure a thought with horror doubly rife.
Alas, poor youth ! how sad, how faint thy heart !
 When memory paints the forms endeared by love ;
From these so soon, so horribly to part ;
 Oh ! it would almost savage bosoms move !
But unextinguished Hope still lit his breast,
And aimless still, drew scenes of future rest !
Caught at each distant light which dimly gleamed,
Though sinking 'mid th' abyss o'er which it beamed !
Like the poor mariner, who, tossed around
Strains his dim eye to ocean's farthest bound,

Paints, in each snowy wave, assistance near,
And as it rolls away, gives up to fear :
Dreads to look round, for death's on every side,
The low'ring clouds above the ocean wide :
He wails alone—"and scarce forbears to weep,"*
That his wreck'd bark still lingers on the deep !

E'en to the child of penury and wo,
Who knows no friend that o'er his grave will weep,
Whose tears in childhood's hour were taught to flow,
Looks with dismay across death's horrid deep !
Then, when suspended o'er that awful brink,
Snatched from each joy, which opening life may give,
Who would not from the prospect shuddering shrink,
And murmur out *one* hope-fraught prayer "to live !"

But, see ! the captive now is dragged along,
While round him mingle yell and wild war-song !
The ring is formed around the high raised pile,
Faggot o'er faggots reared with savage toil ;

* Campbell.

Th' impatient warriors watch with burning brands,
To toss the death-signs from their ruthless hands !
Nearer, and nearer still the wretch is drawn,
All hope of life, of rescue, now is gone !
A horrid death is placed before his eyes ;
In fancy *now* he sees the flames arise,
He hears the deaf'ning yell which drowns the cry
Of the poor victim's last, dire agony !
His heart was sick, he strove in vain to pray
 To that great God, before whose awful bar
His lighten'd soul was soon to wing its way
 From this sad world to other realms afar !

He raised his eyes to Heaven's blue arch above,
That pure retreat of mercy and of love ;
When, lo ! two fellow-sufferers caught his eye,
The prophet Montonoc *is doom'd to die !*
His haughty spirit now must be brought low,
Long had he been the Chieftain's direst foe :
The Indian's face was wrapped in mystic gloom,
As on they led him to his horrid doom.

A hectic flush upon his dark cheek burned,
His eye nor to the right nor left hand turned ;
His lip nor quivered, nor turned pale with fear,
Though the death-note already met his ear.

Tall and majestic was his noble mien

Erect, he seemed to brave the foeman's ire,
His step was bold, his features all serene

As he approached the steep funereal pyre !

Close at his side, a figure glided slow,
Clad in the dark habiliments of wo,
Whose form was shrouded in a mantle's fold,
All, save one treacherous ringlet,—bright as gold.

The death-song's louder note shrill peals on high,
A signal that the victim soon must die !

While yell and war-note join the chorus still,

Till the wild dirge rebounds from hill to hill !

Rathmond now turned to snatch a last sad gaze,

Ere closed life's curtain o'er his youthful days ;

When he beheld the dark, the piercing eye

Of Montonoc, the prophet doomed to die,

Bent upon *him* with such a steady gaze,
That not more fixed was death's own horrid glaze !
Then lifting his long swarthy finger high,
To where the sun's bright beams just tinged the sky,
And o'er the parting day its glories spread,
Which was to close when their sad souls had fled,
"Whiteman," he cried, in low mysterious tone,
Caught but by Rathmond's listening ear alone,
"Ere the bright eye of *yon red orb* shall sleep,
"This haughty chief his fallen tribe shall weep !"
He said no more, for lo ! the death-yells cease.
'Tis hushed ! no sound is echoed through the place !
The opening ring disclosed a female there,
In a rich mantle shrouded, save her hair,
Which long and dark, luxuriant round her hung,
With many a clear, white pearl and dew-drop
strung !

She threw back the mantle which shaded her face,
She spoke not, but looked the pale spirit of wo !
The angel of mercy ! the herald of grace !
Knelt the sorrowful daughter of Hillis-ad-joe !

“My father ! my father !” the maiden exclaims,
“Oh doom not the white man to die midst the flames
’Tis thy daughter who kneels ! ’tis Chicomico sues !
Can my father, the friend of my childhood, refuse ?—
This heart is the white man’s ! with him will I die !
With him, to the Great Spirit’s mansion I’ll fly !
The flames which to heaven will waft *his* pure soul,
Round the form of *thy* daughter encircling shall roll !
My life is *his* life—*his* fate shall be *mine* ;
For *his* image around *thy child’s* heart will entwine !”

Man’s breast may be cruel, and savage, and stern ;
From the sufferings of others it heedless may turn ;
To the pleadings of want, to the wan face of wo,
To the sorrow-wrung drops which around it may flow,
But ’twill melt like the snow on the Appenine’s breast,
As the sun-beam falls light, on its fancy-crowned crest,
When the voice of a *child* to its cold ear is given,
Filled with sorrow’s sad notes, like the music of Heaven.

“Loose the white man,” the king in an agony cried,
“My child, what *you* plead for, can ne’er be denied !

The pris'ner is *yours* ! to enslave or to free !
I yield him, Chicomico, wholly to *thee* ;
But remember !" he cried, while pride conquered his wo,
"Remember, thy father is Hillis-ad-joe !"
He frowned, and his brow, like the curtains of night,
Looked darker, when tinged by a moon-beam of light ;
Chicomico saw—she saw, and with dread,
The storm, which returning, might burst o'er her head ;
And quickly to Rathmond she turned with a sigh,
While a love-brightened tear veiled her heavenly eye.

"Go, white man, go ! without a fear ;
Remember you to *one* are dear ;
Go ! and may peace your steps attend ;
Chicomico will be your friend.
To-morrow eve, with us, may close
Joyful, and free from cares or woes ;
To-morrow eve may also end,
And find me here without a friend !
Remember then the Indian maid,
Whose voice the burning brand hath stayed !

But should I be, as now I am,
And thou in prison and in wo,
Think that this heart is still the same,
And turn thee to Chicomico !
Then, go ! yes, go ! while yet you may,
Dread death awaits you, if you stay !
May the Great Spirit guard and guide
Your footsteps through the forest wide !"

She said, and wrapped the mantle near
Her fragile form, with hasty hand,
Just bowed her head, and shed one tear,
Then sped him to his native land.

The wind is swift, and mountain-hart,
From huntsman's bow, the feathered dart ;
But swifter far the pris'ner's flight,
When freed from dungeon-chains and night !
So Rathmond felt, but wished to show
How much he owed Chicomico ;
But she had fled ; she did not hear !
She did not mark the grateful tear,

Which quivered in the hero's eye ;
Nor did she catch the half-breathed sigh ;
And heaven alone could hear the prayer,
Which Rathmond's full heart proffered there.

CHICOMICO.

PART III.

WHILE swift on his way young Rathmond sped,
Death's horrors awaited those he fled.

Already were the prisoners bound,

One word, and every torch would fly ;

No step was heard nor feeblest sound,

Save the death-raven's wing on high !

The sign was given, each blazing brand

Like lightning, shot from every hand ;

The crackling, sparkling faggots blazed,—

Then Montonoc his dark eye raised ;

He whistled shrill—an answering call
Told that each foeman then should fall !
Sudden a band of warriors flew
From earth, as if from earth they grew :
The brake, the fern, and hazle-down,
Blazed brightly in the sinking sun ;
Confusion, blood, and carnage then
Spread their broad pinions o'er the glen ;
The blazing brands were quenched in blood,
And Montonoc unshackled stood !
He paused one moment—dark he frowned,
By dire revenge and slaughter crowned ;
Then bent his bow, let loose the dart,
And pierced the foeman Chieftain's heart.
Yes, Montonoc, thy arrow sped,
For Hillis-ha-ad-joe is dead !

And now within their hidden tent,
The conquered make their sad lament ;
Before them lay their slaughtered king,
While slowly round they form the ring ;

Dread e'en in death, the Chieftain's form
Seemed made to stride the whirlwind storm ;
Upon his brow a dreadful frown
Still lingered as the warrior's crown ;
And yet it seemed as mortal ire
Still sparkled in that eye of fire,
And blazing, soon should light the face
O'er which death's shadow held its place,
And like the lightning 'neath a cloud,
Shoot, flaming from its sable shroud.
But, hark ! low notes of sorrow break
The solemn calm, and o'er the lake,
Float on the bosom of the gale ;
Hark ! 'tis the chieftain's funeral wail !

Fallen, fallen, fallen low
Lies great Hillis-ha-ad-joe !
To the land of the dead,
By the white man sped !
In his hunting garb they shall welcome him there,
To the land of the bow, and the antlered deer !

Fallen is Hillis-ha-ad-joe !
Chaunt his death-dirge sad and slow ;
In the battle he fell, in the fight he died,
And many a brave warrior sunk by his side.
In his hunting garb they shall welcome him there,
To the land of the bow, and the antlered deer.

The sun is sinking in the deep,
Our "mighty fallen one" we weep ;
Fallen is Hillis-ha-ad-joe !
The axe has laid our broad oak low !
In his hunting garb they shall welcome him there,
To the land of the bow and the antlered deer.

The last sad note had sunk on the breeze,
Which mournfully sighed among the dark trees,
When a form thickly shrouded, swift glided along,
But joined not her voice to the funeral song.
When the notes ceased, she knelt, and in accents of wo,
Besought the Great Spirit for Hillis-ad-joe.

Her words were but few, and her manner was wild,
For she was the slaughtered Chief's poor orphan child !
She raised her dark eye to the sun sinking red,
She looked, and that glance told that reason had fled !

Why does thy eye roll wild, Chicomico ?
Why dost thou shake like aspen's quivering bough ?
Why o'er that fine brow streams thy raven hair ?
Read ! for the "wreck of reason's written there !"
'Tis true ! the storm was high, the surges wild,
And reason fled the Chieftain's orphan child !
Thou poor heart-broken wretch on life's wild sea,
Say ! who is left to love, to comfort thee ?
All, all are gone, and thou art left alone,
Like the last rose, by autumn rudely blown.

But she has fled, the wild and winged wind
Is by her left, long loitering far behind !
But whither has she fled ? to wild-wood glen,
Far from the cares, the joys, the haunts of men !
Her bed the rock, her drink the ripp'ling stream,
And murdered friends her ever constant dream !

Her wild death-song is wafted on the gale,
Which echoes round the Chieftain's funeral wail !
Her little skiff she paddles o'er the lake,
And bids "the Daughter of the Voice," awake !
From hill to hill the shrieking echoes run,
To greet the rising and the setting sun.



CHICOMICO.

PART IV.

THE lake is calm, the sun is low,
The whippoorwill is chaunting slow,
And scarce a leaf through the forest is seen
To wave in the breeze its rich mantle of green.
Fit emblem of a guiltless mind,
The glassy waters calmly lie ;
Unruffled by a breath of wind,
Which o'er its shining breast may sigh !
The shadow of the forest there
Upon its bosom soft may rest ;

The eagle-heights, which tower in air,
May cast their dark shades o'er its breast.

But hark ! approaching paddles break
The stillness of that azure lake !
Swift o'er its surface glides the bark,
Like lightning's flash, like meteor spark.
It seem'd, as on the light skiff flew,
As it scarce kissed the wave's deep blue,
Which, dimpling round the vessel's side,
Sparkled and whirled in eddies wide !

Who guides it through the yielding lake ?
Who dares its magic calm to break ?
'Tis Montonoc ! his piercing eye
Is raised to where the western hill
Rears its broad forehead to the sky,
Battling the whirlwind's fury still.

'Twas Montonoc, and with him there
Was that strange form, with golden hair !

Wrapped in the self-same garb, as when
Surrounded by those savage men,
The stranger had, with Montonoc,
Been led before the blazing stake !
Swift, swift, the light skiff forward flew,
Till it had crossed the waters blue ;
Both leaped like lightning to the land,
And left the skiff upon the strand ;
Far mid the forest then they fled,
And mingled with its dark brown shade.

The oak's broad arms in the breeze were creaking,
The bird of the gloomy brow was shrieking,
When a note on the night-wind was wafted along,
A note of the dead Chieftain's funeral song.
A form was seen wandering in frantic wo,
'Twas the maniac daughter of Hillis-ad-joe !
Her dark hair was borne on the night-wind afar,
And she sung the wild dirge of the Blood-hound of
War !

She ceased when she came near the breeze-ruffled lake ;
She ceased—was't the wind sighing o'er the long brake ?

Was't the soft ripp'ling wave?—was't the murmur of
trees?

Which bending, were brushed by the wing of the
breeze?

Ah, no! for she shrieked, as her piercing eye caught
A form, which her frenzied brain never forgot!—

'Twas Rathmond! yes, Rathmond before her now
stood,

And he glanced his full eye on the child of the wood.

“Chicomico!” he cried, his voice sad and low,

“Chicomico! we are the children of wo!

Oh, come, then! oh, come! and thy Rathmond's strong
arm

Shall shelter thee ever from danger and harm;

'Tis true, I have loved with the passion of youth!

I have loved; and let Heaven attest with what truth!

But, Cordelia, thy ashes are mixed with the dead—”

(Here his eye flashed more fierce, and his pale cheek
turned red)

“'Twas *thy* father, Chicomico—yes, 'twas *thy* sire,

Who kindled the loved saint's funereal pyre!

But, 'tis passed"—(and he crossed his cold, quivering
hand

O'er a brow that was burning like Zahara's sand,)

"'Tis pass'd !—and, Chicomico, *thou* didst preserve

The life of a wretch, who now never can love !

That life is thy own, with a heart, that though chilled

To passion's soft throb, is with gratitude filled !

* * * * *

She turned her dark eye, from which reason's bright fire

Had fled, with the ghosts of her friends—of her sire ;

"Young Eagle !" she cried, "when my father was slain,

What white man, who ravaged along that dread plain,

Withheld the dire blow, and plead for the life

Of Hillis-ad-joe ?—and say, who in that strife,

Stayed the arm that bereft me, and left me alone ?

Yes, Young Eagle ! my father, my brothers are gone !

Wouldst thou ask me to linger behind them, while they

To yon Heaven in the west are wending their way ?

And, hark ! the Great Spirit, whose voice sounds on

high,

Bids me come ! and see, white man, how gladly I fly !"

More swift than the deer, when the hounds are in
view,
To the bark, that was stranded, Chicomico flew !
She dashed the light oar in the waves' foaming
spray,
And thus wildly she sung, as she darted away :

“I go to the land in the west,
The Great Spirit calls me away !
To the land of the just and the blest,
The Great Spirit points me the way !

“Like snow on the mountain's crest,
Like foam on the fountain's breast,
Hillis-ad-joe, and his kinsmen have passed !
Like the sun's setting ray in the west,
When it sinks on the wave to rest,
The dead Chieftain's daughter is coming at last !

“Too long has she lingered behind,
Awaiting the Great Spirit's voice !

But hark ! it calls loud in the wind,
And Chicomico now will rejoice !

“I go to the land in the west ;
The Great Spirit calls me away !
To the land of the just and the blest,
The Great Spirit points me the way !”

The wild notes sunk upon the gale,
And echo caught them not again !
For the breeze which bore the maiden's wail,
Wafted afar the last sad strain !

Tw'as said, that shrieking mid the storm,
The maiden oft was seen to glide,
And oft the hunters mark'd her form,
As swift she darted through the tide.

And once along that calm lake shore,
Her light canoe she was seen to guide,
But the maid and her bark are seen no more
To float along the ripp'ling tide.

For the billows foamed, and the winds did roar,
And her lamp, as it glimmered amid the storm,
A moment blazed bright, and was seen no more,
For it sunk 'mid the waves with her maniac form !

CHICOMICO.

PART V.

THE fourth day found the dark tribe brooding o'er
Their Chieftain's body, Chieftain now no more !
As fire half-quench'd, some faint spark lives,
Glimmers, half dies, and then revives,
Revives to kindle far and wide,
And spread with devastating stride ;
So glimmered, so revived, so spread
The mourners' rage around the dead !
Their quivers o'er their shoulders flung,
Up rose the aged and the young ;

And swore, as tenants of the wood,
By all their hearts held dear or good,
That, e'er another sun should rise,
Their slaughtered foes should glut their eyes.
They swore revenge and bloodshed too,
As their slain Chieftain's rightful due,
They swore that blood should freely flow
For their poor, lost Chicomico !

'Twas evening : all was fair and still ;
The orb of night now sparkling on the rill ;
Now glittering o'er the fern, and water-brake,
Cast its broad eye-beam o'er the lake !
Far through the forest, where no footpath lay,
Old Montonoc pursued his onward way ;
The fair-haired stranger hung upon his arm,
Shook at each noise, and trembled with alarm ;
“ Well do I know the woodland way,
For I have tracked it many a day,
When mountain-bear or wilder deer
Have called me to this forest drear.

Fear'st thou with Montonoc to stray,
Why wand'rest thou so far away ?
From friends, from safety, and from home,
To war, and weariness, and gloom ?
Thou must not hope, as yet, to bear
Free from disguise that form so dear ;
It must not, and it will not be,
Till, buried in the dark Monee,
The last of yonder tribe of blood,
Lies weltering in the sable flood !
But rest thee on this fresh green seat,
And I will trace his wandering feet ;
Warn him to watch the lurking foe,
Whose bloody breasts for vengeance glow
Then rest thee here ; within yon dell
I saw his form, and knew him well !"

Thus spoke the prophet of the wood,
As near the stranger maid he stood.

"Then go," she cried, half-faltering, "go !"

Bid him beware the bloody foe !

But give me, ere we part," she cried,
"Yon blood-stained death-blade from your side;
Perhaps this arm, though weak, may find
Strength, in the hour of deep distress;
Go! my preserver, and my friend,
May Heaven thy steps and efforts bless!"

Cautious and swift the Indian went;
His head was raised, his bow was bent,
And as he on, like wild-deer, sped,
So light, so silent, was his tread,
That scarce a leaf was heard to move,
Of flower below, or branch above!

Where Rathmond, with a heart of wo,
Had gazed on lost Chicomico,
There, on that spot, the prophet's eye,
Mark'd the young warrior's farewell sigh.
"Why lingerest thou here, Young Eagle," he cried,
"The foe 'neath the fern, and the dark hazle hide!
Blood, blood! be our war-cry, for vengeance is theirs!
Their arrows are winged by despair and by fears!"

When the last of the tribe of Hillis-ad-joe,
Hath plunged him beneath the deep waters below,
Thy heart shall possess all it wishes for here,
Unchilled by a sigh, unbedewed by a tear !
But till then, cold and vacant thy bosom shall be,
And the idol to which thou hast bended thy knee,
Shall mark thee, and love thee, in peril and wo,
Yet till then that dear being thou never shalt know !”

“What meanest thou, prophet of the eagle-eye,
By thy mysterious prophecy ?
Well knowest thou that yon bloody chief,
Doomed her to death, and me to grief !
That round that form, the wild flames rolled,
And wafted far her angel soul !
Why didst thou not arrest the brand ?
For, prophet, fate was in thy hand.”

“’Tis well,” the Indian calmly said,
“’Tis well,” and bowed to earth his head ;
“But,” he exclaimed, with eye less grave,
“I left a skiff on yonder wave—

Say, dark-eyed Eagle, dost thou know
Aught of the dire, blood-thirsty foe ?”

“No, Montonoc ! no foe was she,
Who plunged adown the swift Monee.
Chicomico is cold and damp !
The wave her couch—the moon her lamp ;
But mark ! adown the foaming stream
The barks beneath the moon’s pale beam !
What bode they ? or of weal, or wo ?
Do they betoken friend or foe ?
Perchance to rouse the wildwood deer
The Indian hunters landed there.”

Back they retraced their steps, till from the hill
A female shriek rang loud, distinct, and shrill !
Both start, both stop, and Montonoc’s dark eye
Flashed like a meteor of the northern sky.—
But hark ! what cry of savage joy is there,
Borne through the forest on the midnight air ?

It is the foe !—the band of blood-hounds came,
Who erst had lit the Chieftain’s funeral flame !

Revenge and death around their arrows gleam,
And murder shudders 'neath the moon's pale beam !
The fiercest warrior of their tribe, their chief,
Sage in the council, bloody in the strife,
High towered dark Wompaw's snowy plume in air,
Waved on the breeze, and shone a beacon there !
Old Ompahaw, with brow of fire,
And bosom burning high with ire,
And sparkling eye, and burning brand,
Which gleamed athwart both lake and strand,
Still echoed back the lengthened yell
Which startled wildwood, rock, and dell !
And more were there, so sad, so wild,
Nature might shudder at her child,
And curse the hand that e'er had made,
So dark a stain, so deep a shade !

On, on they flew with lengthened stride,
But, ah ! the victims, where are they ?—
Nought but the lake lies open wide,
And the broad bosom of the bay !

But, ah ! tis well :—that shrill shriek toll'd
The death-knell of their chief once more !
Yes, Rathmond, yes, the deed was bold,
That stretched yon white plume on the shore !

Safe crouched 'neath fern-bush, dark, and low,
Rathmond had truly bent his bow,
And Montonoc, with steady eye,
From 'mid the oak's arms broad and high,
Took aim as sure ; his arrows sped,
And many a bloody foe is dead !
Wide tumult spreads !—afar they fly,
Each rust'ling brake, which meets the eye,
Seems shrouding still some warrior there,
With bloody brand and eye of fire.
Slow dropping from his safe retreat,
The prophet glides to Rathmond's seat ;
Then raised loud yells of various tone,
Such as are given at victory won,
And Rathmond joined, till long and high,
Rang the loud chorus to the sky !

Hark ! o'er the rocks, the shrieks are answered wild,
Can it be Echo, Nature's darling child ?
No—'tis a whoop of horror and despair,
Which knows no sympathy, which sheds no tear !

Lo ! on yon cliff, which frowns above the wave,
Mark the stern warriors hovering o'er their grave !
'Tis done : the sullen bosom of the bay
Opens and closes o'er its sinking prey !

One hollow splashing, as the waters part,
Sad welcome of the victim to his bed,
One mournful, shuddering echo, and the heart
Turns, chilled, at length, from scenes of death and
dread !

But ah ! like some sad spectre lingering near,
A form still hovers o'er the scene of wo ;—
Does it await its hour of vengeance here,
Watching the cold forms weltering below ?

The morn was dawning slowly in the east,
A few faint gleams of light were bursting through,

When the dread warriors sought the lake's calm breast,
And sullen sunk amid its waters blue !

That rude, wild phantom hovering there,
Poised on the precipice mid-way in air,
Like some stern spirit of the dead,
Rising indignant from its bed,
Was Ompahaw ! alone, he stood,
Gazing on Heaven, on hill, and wood !
His eye was wilder than the eagle's glare ;
Its glance was triumph mingled with despair !
Far floated on the breeze his plumes of red,
Waving in warlike pride around his head ;
His bow was aimless, bent within his hand ;
His scalping-knife was gleaming in its band ;
And his gay dress, bedecked for battle's storm,
Was wildly fluttering round his warrior-form !

“ Farewell ! ” he cried, “ this aged hand
Draws the last bow-string of our band ! ”
He spoke, and, sudden as the lightning's glance,
The dart, one moment, o'er the waters danced,

Like comet's blaze, like shooting star,
It danced across the waters far !
The dark lake sparkled, as the arrow fell,
Foaming, death's herald, a last, bright farewell !
Then from his belt his tomahawk he tore,
"Man shall ne'er stain thy blade again with gore !"
Then raised on high his arm, and wildly sung
The death-song of his tribe, till nature rung !

THE DEATH-SONG.

"The last of the tribe of Hillis-ad-joe
Falls not by the hand of the bloody foe !
But they fled to the Heaven of peace in the west,
The Great Spirit called, and they flew to be blessed !

"From the dark rocks frowning brow
They flew to meet the deep below ;
They feared not, for the Heaven of peace in the west
Was smiling them welcome, sweet welcome to rest !

"The last of the tribe of Hillis-ad-joe
Now plunges him 'mid the deep waters below !

I come, Great Spirit, take me to thy rest !
Lo ! my freed soul is winging towards the west !”

’Tis past ! the rude, wild sons of Nature sleep,
Calm, undisturbed, amid the waters deep !
’Tis past !—the deed is done, the tribe has gone !
Not one is left to mourn it, no, not one !

The last of all that tribe of blood
Lies weltering in the sable flood !

Oh ! where is yonder fair-haired maid ?
Say, whither hath the lone one strayed ?
’Mid the wild tumult of the strife,
Where fled she from the scalping-knife ?
Angels around her spread their arm,
And shrouded her from fear or harm !
But oh ! what shriek rang shrill and clear,
And echoed still in Rathmond’s ear ?
Why should he note that voice, that scream ?
Was it his fancy, or a dream ?

Or was it—hope illumed his eye,
And pointed to the prophecy !

“ But no !—’twere madness to return
To those bright scenes of joy,” he cried,
“ Her bones are whitening in the sun,
Her ashes scattered far and wide !”

But where is Montcnoc ? alone,
Rathmond is musing on the strand ;
Say, whither has the prophet gone ?
Why does young Rathmond heedless stand ?

Oh ! he is picturing to his vacant breast
Those scenes of joy, those moments doubly blessed,
Which youthful hope had promised should be his,
When all was light, and love, and cloudless bliss !
Oh ! he was sighing o’er the dreary waste,
Left in that bosom, which had loved so well !
Oh ! he was wishing for some place of rest,
Some gloomy cavern, or some lonely cell !

But, ah ! the voice of Montonoc is heard,
Loud as the notes of yonder gloomy bird !
“Eagle !” he cried, “the fatal charm hath passed !
The blood-red tribe have darkly sunk at last !
And, warrior, now I yield unto thy power
The latest trophy of my life’s last hour !
Deal with him as thou wilt, for he is thine !
But mark ! ’twas I who gave, for he was mine !
Adieu ! I go !”—He clos’d his fiery eye,
And his stern spirit flew to heaven on high !

The prisoner sighed, and mutely gazed awhile
Upon the fallen prophet’s brow of toil,
Then towards the warrior turned, dropped the dark
 hood,
And, lo ! his lost Cordelia before her Rathmond stood !

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

CHARITY.

A. Versification of part of the 13th Chapter of First Corinthians.

[WRITTEN IN HER TWELFTH YEAR.]

Though I were gifted with an angel's tongue,
And voice like that with which the prophets sung,
Yet if mild charity were not within,
'Twere all an impious mockery and sin.

Though I the gift of prophecy possessed,
And faith like that which Abraham professed,

They all were like a tinkling cymbal's sound,
If meek-eyed charity did not abound.

Though I to feed the poor my goods bestow,
And to the flames my body I should throw,
Yet the vain act would never cover sin,
If heaven-born charity were not within.

TO SCIENCE.

[WRITTEN IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.]

Let others in false Pleasure's court be found,
But may I ne'er be whirled the giddy round ;
Let me ascend with Genius' rapid flight,
Till the fair hill of Science meets my sight.

Blest with a pilot who my feet will guide,
Direct my way, whene'er I step aside ;
May one bright ray of Science on me shine,
And be the gift of learning ever mine.

PLEASURE.

[WRITTEN IN HER THIRTEENH YEAR.]

Away ! unstable, fleeting Pleasure,
Thou troublesome and gilded treasure ;
When the false jewel changes hue,
There's nought, O man, that's left for you !
What many grasp at with such joy,
Is but her shade, a foolish toy ;
She is not found at every court,
At every ball, and every sport,
But in that heart she loves to rest,
That's with a guiltless conscience blest.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

[WRITTEN IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.]

The Shepherd feeds his fleecy flock with care,
And mourns to find one little lamb has strayed ;

He, unfatigued, roams through the midnight air,
O'er hills, o'er rocks, and through the mossy glade.

But when that lamb is found, what joy is seen
Depicted on the careful shepherd's face,
When, sporting o'er the smooth and level green,
He sees his fav'rite charge is in its place.

Thus the great Shepherd of his flock doth mourn,
When from his fold a wayward lamb has strayed,
And thus with mercy he receives him home,
When the poor soul his Lord has disobeyed.

There is great joy among the saints in heaven,
When one repentant soul has found its God,
For Christ, his Shepherd, hath his ransom given,
And sealed it with his own redeeming blood !

LINES,

Written under the Promise of Reward.

[WRITTEN IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.]

Whene'er the muse pleases to grace my dull page,
At the sight of *reward*, she flies off in a rage ;
Prayers, threats, and entreaties I frequently try,
But she leaves me to scribble, to fret, and to sigh.

She torments me each moment, and bids me go write,
And when I obey her, she laughs at the sight ;
The rhyme will not jingle, the verse has no sense,
And against all her insults I have no defence.

I advise all my friends, who wish me to write,
To keep their rewards and their gifts from my sight ;
So that jealous Miss Muse won't be wounded in pride,
Nor Pegasus rear, till I've taken my ride.

TO THE
MEMORY OF HENRY KIRK WHITE.

[WRITTEN IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.]

In yon lone valley where the cypress spreads
Its gloomy, dark, impenetrable shades,
The mourning *Nine*, o'er White's untimely grave
Murmur their sighs, like Neptune's troubled wave.

There sits Consumption, sickly, pale, and thin,
Her joy evincing by a ghastly grin;
There his deserted garlands with'ring lie,
Like him they droop, like him untimely die.

STILLING THE WAVES.

[WRITTEN IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.]

“And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, ‘Peace, be still!’”

Be still, ye waves, for Christ doth deign to tread
On the rough bosom of your watery bed!

Be not too harsh your gracious Lord to greet,
But, in soft murmurs, kiss his holy feet ;
'Tis He alone can calm your rage at will,
This is His sacred mandate, "Peace, be still !"

TO A SHEEP,

Whose Companions had been attacked by Dogs.

[WRITTEN IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.]

Oh ! what, thou mother of the bleating race,
What means that anxious air and pleading face ?
Do ravenous dogs thy helpless young devour,
Com'st thou to me to ask protecting power ?

For in that face, so anxious, yet so meek,
Is more expressed than language e'er can speak ;
I go ; for in that pleading look, beseeching air,
I read some hidden grief, some secret care,

Perhaps beyond those hills you wish to rove,
And taste the stream which wanders through the grove;
But, oh ! I caution you, turn not that way ;
Beneath those shades the hungry monsters lay.

Stay, here's the fold, and weary seem thy feet ;
But ha ! what bloody sight is this I meet ?
The hounds their direful carnage here pursue,
Say, do I dream ? is not my sight untrue ?

Ah no ! this is the spot I dearly loved,
And for these lambs o'er many a hill I've roved ;
Once all my hopes and cares were center'd here,
And every lambkin to my heart was dear.

But lo ! destruction now is spread around ;
My dead and mangled fav'rites strew the ground !
There stand a few, distressed by dreadful fear,
While the fierce dogs their dead companions tear.

Enter thy pen, the bloody hounds have gone ;
Enter and rest, till the first sun-beams dawn :

But art thou anxious still ? where lead'st thou now ?
Beneath the foliage of yon mountain's brow ?

Why among thickest bushes dost thou stray ?
Far from the bloody fold why bend thy way ?
And why to me dost thou, with joyful face,
Look up, and stop so soon thy hurried pace ?

Aha ! thy precious treasure I have found,
Here safe concealed, reposing on the ground ;
Now thy example rends my grieving heart,
I should have acted a kind shepherd's part.

With patient care still watched the little fold,
Whether in summer's heat, or winter's cold ;
Though conscience check'd me oft, I onward went,
Towards Pleasure's shrine, my thoughtless steps I bent.

I dreamed not that the watchful foe was nigh,
Or that e'en now my lambs were doomed to die :
Thus oft the shepherd of Christ's fold forgets
His little flock, and carelessly he lets

The common foe, the carnage spread around,
Till sin's strong chain their ruined souls surround.

A SONG.

(In imitation of the Scotch.)

[WRITTEN IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.]

Wha is it that caemeth sae blithe and sae swift,
His bonnet is far frae his flaxen hair lift,
His dark een rolls gladsome, i' the breeze floats his
plaid,
And surely he bringeth nae news that is sad.
Ah! say, bonny stranger, whence caemest thou now?
The tiny drop trickles frae off thy dark brow.

“I come,” said the stranger, “to spier my lued hame,
And to see if my Marion still were the same ;

I hae been to the battle, where thousands hae bled,
And Chieftains fu' proud are wi' mean peasants laid;
I hae fought for my country, for freedom, and fame,
And now I'm returning wi' speed to my hame."

"Gude Spirit of light!" ('twas a voice caught his ear)
"An is it me ain Norman's accents I hear?
An has the fierce Southron then left me my child!
Or am I wi' sair, sair anxiety wild?
He turn'd to behold—'tis his mother he sees!
He flies to embrace her—he falls on his knees.

"Oh! where is my father?" a tear trickled down,
And silently moisten'd the warrior's cheek brown:
"Ah! sure my heart sinks, sae sair in my breast,
Too sure he frae all the world's trouble doth rest!"
"But where is my Marion?" his pale cheek turned red,
And the glistening tear in his eye was soon dried.

"She lives!" and he knew 'twas his Marion's sweet
tone,

"She lives," exclaims Marion, "for Norman alone!"

He saw her : the rose had fled far from her cheek,
Her hair was dishevelled which once was so sleek ;
But Norman still lives ! his Marion is found ;
By the adamant chains of blithe Hymen they're bound.

EXIT FROM EGYPTIAN BONDAGE.

[WRITTEN IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.]

When Israel's sons, from cruel bondage freed,
Fled to the land by righteous Heaven decreed,
Insulting Pharaoh quick pursued their train,
E'en to the borders of the troubled main.

Affrighted Israel stood alone, dismayed,
The foe behind, the sea before them laid ;
Around, the hosts of bloody Pharaoh fold,
And wave o'er wave the raging Red-sea rolled.

But God, who saves his chosen ones from harm,
Stretched to their aid his all-protecting arm,

And lo ! on either side the sea divides,
And Israel's army in its bosom hides.

Safe to the shore through watery walls they march,
And once more hail kind Heaven's aerial arch ;
Far, far behind, the cruel foe is seen,
And the dark waters roll their march between.

The God of vengeance stretched his arm again,
And heaving, back recoiled the foaming main ;
And impious Pharaoh 'neath the raging wave,
With all his army, finds a watery grave.

Rejoice, O Israel ! God is on your side,
He is your Champion, and your faithful guide ;
By day, a cloud is to your footsteps given,
By night, a fiery column towers to heaven.

Then Israel's children marched by day and night,
Till Sinai's mountain rose upon their sight :
There righteous Heaven the flying army staid,
And Israel's sons the high command obeyed.

To Sinai's mount the trembling people came,
'Twas wrapped in threat'ning clouds, in smoke, and
flame ;

A silent awe pervaded all the van ;
Not e'en a murmur through the army ran.

High Sinai shook ! dread thunders rent the air !
And horrid lightnings round its summit glare !
'Twas God's pavilion, and the black'ning clouds,
Dark hov'ring o'er, his dazzling glory shrouds.

To Heaven's dread court the intrepid leader came,
T' receive its mandate in the people's name ;
Loud trumpets peal—the awful thunders roll,
Transfixing terror in each guilty soul.

But lo ! he comes, arrayed in shining light,
And round his forehead plays a halo bright :
Heaven's high commands with trembling were received,
Heavens high commands were heard, and were believed.

THE LAST FLOWER OF THE GARDEN.

[WRITTEN IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.]

The last flower of the garden was blooming alone,
The last rays of the sun on its blushing leaves shone ;
Still a glittering drop on its bosom reclined,
And a few half-blown buds 'midst its leaves were entwined.

Say, lonely one, say, why ling'rest thou here ?
And why on thy bosom reclines the bright tear ?
'Tis the tear of a zephyr—for summer 'twas shed,
And for all thy companions now withered and dead.

Why ling'rest thou here, when around thee are strown,
The flowers once so lovely, by Autumn blasts blown ?
Say, why, sweetest floweret, the last of thy race,
Why ling'rest thou here the lone garden to grace ?

As I spoke, a rough blast, sent by Winter's own hand,
Whistled by me, and bent its sweet head to the sand;
I hastened to raise it—the dew-drop had fled,
And the once lovely flower was withered and dead.

ODE TO FANCY.

[WRITTEN IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.]

Fancy, sweet and truant sprite,
Steals on wings, as feathers light,
Draws a veil o'er Reason's eye,
And bids the guardian senses fly.

Soft she whispers to the mind,
Come, and trouble leave behind:
She banishes the fiend Despair,
And shuts the eyes of waking Care.

Then, o'er precipices dark,
Where never reached the wing of lark,
Fearing no harm, she dauntless flies,
Where rocks on rocks dread frowning rise.

When Autumn shakes his hoary head,
And scatters leaves at every tread ;
Fancy stands with list'ning ear,
Nor starts, when shrinks affrighted Fear.

There's music in the ratt'ling leaf,
But 'tis not for the ear of grief ;
There's music in the wind's hoarse moan,
But 'tis for Fancy's ear alone.

THE BLUSH.

[WRITTEN IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.]

Why that blush on Ella's cheek,
What doth the flitting wand'rer seek ?

Doth passion's black'ning tempest scowl,
To agitate my Ella's soul?

Return, sweet wand'rer, fear no harm ;
The heart which Ella's breast doth warm,
Is virtue's calm, serene retreat,
And ne'er with passion's storm did beat.

Return, and calmly rest, till love
Shall thy sweet efficacy prove ;
Then come, and thy loved place resume,
And fill that cheek with youthful bloom.

A blush of nature charms the heart
More than the brilliant tints of art ;
They please awhile, and please no more—
We hate the thing we loved before.

But no unfading tints were those,
Which to my Ella's cheek arose ;
They please the raptured heart, and fly
Before they pall the gazing eye.

'Twas not the blush of guilt or shame,
Which o'er my Ella's features came ;
'Twas she, who fed the poor distressed,
'Twas she the indigent had blessed ;

For her their prayers to heaven were raised,
On her the grateful people gazed ;
'Twas then the blush suffused her cheek,
Which told what words can never speak.

ON AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

[WRITTEN IN HER FOURTEENTH YEAR.]

What heavenly music strikes my ravished ear,
So soft, so melancholy, and so clear ?
And do the tuneful Nine then touch the lyre,
To fill each bosom with poetic fire ?

Or does some angel strike the sounding strings,
Catching from echo the wild note he sings?
But hark ! another strain, how sweet, how wild !
Now rising high, now sinking low and mild.

And tell me now, ye spirits of the wind,
Oh, tell me where those artless notes to find !
So lofty now, so loud, so sweet, so clear,
That even angels might delighted hear !

But hark ! those notes again majestic rise,
As though some spirit, banished from the skies,
Had hither fled to charm Æolus wild,
And teach him other music sweet and mild.

Then hither fly, sweet mourner of the air,
Then hither fly, and to my harp repair,
At twilight chaunt the melancholy lay,
And charm the sorrows of thy soul away.

THE COQUETTE.

[WRITTEN IN HER FOURTEENTH YEAR.]

I hae nae sleep, I hae nae rest,
My Ellen's lost for aye ;
My heart is sair and much distressed,
I surely soon must die.

I canna think o' wark at a',
My eyes still wander far,
I see her neck like driven snaw,
I see her flaxen hair.

Sair, sair I begged ; she would na' hear,
She proudly turned awa',
Unmoved she saw the trickling tear,
Which, spite o' me, would fa'.

She acted weel a conqueror's part,
She triumphed in my wo,

She gracefu' waved me to depart,
I tried, but could na' go.

“ Ah why,” (distractedly I cried,)
“ Why yield me to despair ?
Bid ling'ring Hope resume her sway,
To ease my heart sae sair.”

She scornfu' smiled, and bade me go !
This roused my dormant pride ;
I craved nae boon—I took nae luke,
“ Adieu !” I proudly cried.

I fled ! nor Ellen hae I seen,
Sin' that too fatal day ;
My “ bosom's laird” sits heavy here,
And Hope's fled far away.

Care, darkly brooding, bodes a storm,
I'm Sorrow's child indeed ;
She stamps her image on my form,
I wear the mourning weed !

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

[WRITTEN IN HER FOURTEENTH YEAR.]

Sweet child, and hast thou gone, forever fled ?
Low lies thy body in its grassy bed ;
But thy freed soul swift bends its flight through air,
Thy heavenly Father's gracious love to share.

And now, methinks, I see thee clothed in white,
Mingling with saints, like thee, celestial bright :—
Look down, sweet angel, on thy friends below,
And mark their trickling tears of silent wo.

Look down with pity in thy infant eye,
And view the friends thou left, for friends on high ;
Methinks I see thee leaning from above,
To whisper, to those friends, of peace and love.

“ Weep not for me, for I am happy still,
And murmur not at our great Father's will ;
Let not this blow your trust in Jesus shake,
Our Saviour gave, and it is his to take.

“Once you looked forward to life’s opening day,
The scene was bright, and pleasant seemed the way ;
Hope drew the picture, Fancy, ever near,
Coloured it bright—’tis blotted with a tear.

“Then let that tear be Resignation’s child ;
Yielding to Heaven’s high will, be calm, be mild ;
Weep for your child no more ; she’s happy still,
And murmur not at your great Father’s will.”

REFLECTIONS,

ON CROSSING LAKE CHAMPLAIN IN THE STEAM-BOAT
PHOENIX.

[WRITTEN IN HER FOURTEENTH YEAR.]

Islet* on the lake’s calm bosom,
In thy breast rich treasures lie ;

* Crab Island ; on which were buried the remains of the sailors who fell in the action of September 11th, 1814.

Heroes ! there your bones shall moulder,
But your fame shall never die.

Islet on the lake's calm bosom,
Sleep serenely in thy bed ;
Brightest gem our waves can boast,
Guardian angel of the dead !

Calm upon the waves recline,
Till great Nature's reign is o'er ;
Until old and swift winged time
Sinks, and order is no more.

Then thy guardianship shall cease,
Then shall rock thy aged bed ;
And when Heaven's last trump shall sound,
Thou shalt yield thy noble dead !

THE STAR OF LIBERTY.

[WRITTEN IN HER FOURTEENTH YEAR.]

There shone a gem on England's crown
Bright as yon star ;

Oppression marked it with a frown,
He sent his darkest spirit down,
To quench the light that round it shone,
Blazing afar.

But Independence met the foe,
And laid the swift-winged demon low.

A second messenger was sent,
Dark as the night ;
On his dire errand swift he went,
But Valour's bow was truly bent,
Justice her keenest arrow lent,
And sped its flight ;

Then fell the impious wretch, and Death
Approached, to take his withering breath.

Valour then took, with hasty hand,
The gem of light ;
He flew to seek some other land,
He flew to 'scape oppression's hand,
He knew there was some other strand,
More bright ;
And as he swept the fields of air,
He found a country rich and fair.

Upon its breast the star he placed,
The star of liberty ;
Bright, and more bright the meteor blazed,
The lesser planets stood amazed,
Astonished mortals, wondering, gazed,
Looking on fearfully.
That star shines brightly to this day,
On thy calm breast, America !

THE MERMAID.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Maid of the briny wave and raven lock,
Whose bed's the sea-weed, and whose throne's the rock
Tell me, what fate compels thee thus to ride
O'er the tempestuous ocean's foaming tide ?

Art thou some naiad, who, at Neptune's nod,
Flies to obey the mandate of that god ?
Art thou the syren, who, when night draws on,
Chaunt'st thy wild farewell to the setting sun ?

Or, leaning on thy wave-encircled rock,
Twining with lily hand thy raven lock ;
Dost thou, in accents wild, proclaim the storm,
Which soon shall wrap th' unwary sailor's form ?

Or dost thou round the wild Charybdis play,
To warn the seaman from his dangerous way ?

Or, shrieking midst the tempest, chaunt the dirge
Of shipwrecked sailors, buried in the surge ?

Tell me, mysterious being, what you are ?
So wild, so strange, so lonely, yet so fair !
Tell me, O tell me, why you sit alone,
Singing so sweetly on the wave-washed stone ?

And tell me, that if e'er I find my grave,
Beneath the ocean's wildly troubled wave,
That thou with weeds wilt strew my watery bed,
And hush the roaring billows o'er my head.

ON SOLITUDE.

[WRITTEN IN HER FOURTEENTH YEAR.]

Sweet Solitude ! I love thy silent shade,
I love to pause when in life's mad career ;
To view the chequered path before me laid,
And turn to meditate—to hope, to fear.

'Tis sweet to draw the curtain on the world,
To shut out all its tumult, all its care ;
Leave the dread vortex, in which all are whirled,
And to thy shades of twilight calm repair.

Yet, Solitude, the hand divine, which made
The earth, the ocean, and the realms of air,
Pointed how far thy kingdom should extend,
And bade thee pause, for he had fixed thee there.

Then, when disgusted with the world and man,
When sick of pageantry, of pomp, and pride,
To thee I'll fly, in thee I'll seek relief,
And hope to find that calm the world denied.

Adieu, then, Solitude ! I fly thy arms,
I brave a world of peril and of care ;
To tempt the sneer, the laugh, the dreaded scorn,
Which man with brother man was doomed to share.

Life would be tasteless, if without alarms ;
What is a smile, divested of a tear ?

Without a thorn the rose would lose its charms,
For pain makes pleasure but appear more fair.

ON THE BIRTH OF A SISTER.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Sweet babe, I cannot hope that thou'lt be freed
From woes, to all, since earliest time, decreed ;
But mayst thou be with resignation blessed,
To bear each evil, howsoe'er distressed.

May Hope her anchor lend amid the storm,
And o'er the tempest rear her angel form !
May sweet Benevolence, whose words are peace,
To the rude whirlwinds softly whisper "cease !"

And may Religion, Heaven's own darling child,
Teach thee at human cares and griefs to smile ;
Teach thee to look beyond this world of wo,
To Heaven's high fount, whence mercies ever flow.

And when this vale of tears is safely passed,
When Death's dark curtain shuts the scene at last,
May thy freed spirit leave this earthly sod,
And fly to seek the bosom of thy God.

A DREAM.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Methought, (unwitting how the place I gained,)
I rested on a fleecy, floating cloud,
Far o'er the earth, the stars, the sun, the heavens,
And slowly wheeled around the dread expanse !
Sudden, methought, a trumpet's voice was heard,
Pealing with long, loud, death-awakening note,
Such note as mortal man but once may hear !
At that heart-piercing summons, there arose
A crowd fast pouring from the troubled earth !
The *earth*, that blackened speck alone seemed moved
By the dread note, which rushed,

Like pent up whirlwinds, round Heaven's azure
vault :

All other worlds, all other twinkling stars

Stood mute—stood motionless ;

Their time had not yet come.

Yet, ever and anon, they seemed to bow

Before the dread tribunal ;

And the fiery comet, as it blazed along,

Stopped in its midway course, as conscious of the
power

Which onward ever, ever had impelled :

No other planet moved, none seemed convulsed,

Save the dim orb of earth !

Forth eddying rushed a crowd, confused and dark,

Like a volcano, muttering and subdued !

There came no sound distinct, but sighs and groans,

And murmurings half suppressed, half uttered !

All eyes were upward turned in wonder and in fear,

But soon, methought, they onward rolled

To the dread High One's bar,

As the tumultuous billows rush murmuring to the shore,

And all distinctions dwindled into nought.

Upward I cast my eyes ;
High on an azure throne, begirt with clouds,
Sate the dread Indescribable !
He raised his sceptre, waved it o'er the crowd,
And all was calm and silent as the grave !
He rose ; the cherubs flapped their snowy wings !
On came the rushing wind—the throne was moved,
And flew like gliding swan above the crowd !
Sudden it stopped o'er the devoted world !
The Judge moved forward 'mid his sable shroud,
Raised his strong arm with rolling thunders clothed,
Held forth a vial filled with wrathful fire,
Then poured the contents on the waiting globe !
Sudden the chain, which bound it to God's throne,
Snapped with a dire explosion !
On wheeled the desolate—the burning orb
Swift through the heavens !
Down, down it plunged—then shot across the expanse
Blazing through realms, where light had never pierced !
Down, down it plunged—fast wheeling from above,
Shooting forth flames, and sparks, and burning brands,
Trailing from shade to shade !

Then bounding, blazing—brighter than before,
It plunged extinguished in the chaotic gulf!

TO MY SISTER.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.*]

When evening spreads her shades around,
And darkness fills the arch of heaven ;
When not a murmur, not a sound
To Fancy's sportive ear is given ;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye ;
When Nature, softened by her light,
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie ;

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world, and all this world can give ;

* See Biographical Sketch.

Oh, sister, sing the song I love,
And tears of 'gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
And hovering, trembles, half afraid ;
O sister, sing the song *once* more
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'Twere almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day ;
Notes borne by angel's purest wing,
And wafted by their breath away. .

When sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Should'st thou *still* linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, sister, sing the song I love.

CUPID'S BOWER.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Am I in fairy land? or tell me, pray,
To what love-lighted bower I've found my way?
Sure luckless wight was never more beguiled
In woodland maze, or closely-tangled wild.

And is this Cupid's realm? if so, good bye!
Cupid, and Cupid's votaries, I fly;
No offering to his altar do I bring,
No bleeding heart—or hymeneal ring.

What though he proudly marshals his array
Of conquered hearts, still bleeding in his way;
Of sighs, of kisses sweet, of glances sly,
Playing around some darkly-beauteous eye?

What though the rose of beauty opening wide,
Blooms but for him, and fans his lordly pride?

What though his garden boasts the fairest flower
That ever dew-drop kissed, or pearly shower ;

Still, Cupid, I'm no votary to thee ;
Thy torch of light will never blaze for me ;
I ask no glance of thine, I ask no sigh ;
I brave thy fury, and thus boldly fly !

Adieu, then, and forevermore, adieu !
Ye poor entangled ones, farewell to you !
And, O ye powers ! a hapless mortal prays
For guidance through this labyrinthine maze.

THE FAMILY TIME-PIECE.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Friend of my heart, thou monitor of youth,
Well do I love thee, dearest child of truth ;
Though many a lonely hour thy whisperings low
Have made sad chorus to the notes of wo.

Or 'mid the happy hour which joyful flew,
Thou still wert faithful, still unchanged, still true ;
Or when the task employed my infant mind,
Oft have I sighed to see thee lag behind ;

And watched thy finger, with a youthful glee,
When it had pointed silently, "be free :"
Thou wert my mentor through each passing year ;
'Mid pain or pleasure, thou wert ever near.

And when the wings of time unnoticed flew,
I paused, reflected, wondered, turned to you ;
Paused in my heedless round, to mark thy hand,
Pointing to conscience, like a magic wand ;

To watch thee stealing on thy silent way,
Silent, but sure, Time's pinions cannot stay ;
How many hours of pleasure, hours of pain,
When smiles were bright'ning round affliction's train ?

How many hours of poverty and wo,
Which taught cold drops of agony to flow ?

How many hours of war,* of blood, of death,
Which added laurels to the victor's wreath?

How many deep-drawn sighs thy hand hath told
And dimmed the smile, and dried the tear which rolled?
When the loud cannon spoke the voice of war,
And death and bloodshed whirled their crimson car?

When the proud banner, waving in the breeze,
Had welcomed war, and bade adieu to peace,
Thy faithful finger traced the wing of time,
Pointed to earth, and then to heaven sublime.

Unmoved amid the carnage of the world,
When thousands to eternity were hurled,
Thy head was reared aloft, truth's chosen child,
Beaming serenely through the troubled wild.

Friend of my youth, e'er from its mould'ring clay
My joyful spirit wings to heaven its way;

* Alluding probably to the late war-scenes at Plattsburgh.—ED.

O mayst thou watch beside my aching head,
And tell how fast time flits with feathered tread.

ON THE

EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Touch not the harp, for Sorrow's voice
Will mingle in the chorus wild ;
When Scotland weeps, canst thou rejoice ?
No : rather mourn her murdered child.

Sing how on Carberry's mount of blood,
'Mid foes exulting in her doom,
The captive Mary fearless stood,
A helpless victim for the tomb.

Justice and Mercy, 'frighted, fled,
And shrouded was Hope's beacon blaze,

When, like a lamb to slaughter led,
Poor Mary met her murderer's gaze.

Calm was her eye as yon dark lake,
And changed her once angelic form;
No sigh was heard the pause to break,
That awful pause before the storm.

O draw the veil, 'twere shame to gaze
Upon the bloody tragedy;
But lo! a brilliant halo plays
Around the hill of Carberry.

'Tis done—and Mary's soul has flown
Beyond this scene of blood and death;
'Tis done—the lovely saint has gone
To claim in heaven a thornless wreath.

But as Elijah, when his car
Wheeled on towards heaven its path of light,
Dropped on his friend, he left afar,
His mantle, like a meteor bright;

So Mary, when her spirit flew
Far from this world, so sad, so weary,
A crown of fame immortal threw
Around the brow of Carberry.

THE DESTRUCTION OF

SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

“And he looked towards Sodom and Gomorrah, and lo! the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.”

[WRITTEN IN HER FOURTEENTH YEAR.]

O dread was the night, when o'er Sodom's wide plain
The fire of heaven descended ;
For all that then bloomed, shall ne'er bloom there again,
For man hath his Maker offended.

The midnight of terror and wo hath passed by,
The death-spirit's pinions are furled ;

But the sun, as it beams clear and brilliant on high,
Hides from Sodom's dark, desolate world.

Here lies but that glassy, that death-stricken lake,
As in mockery of what had been there ;
The wild bird flies far from the dark nestling brake,
Which waves its scorched arms in the air.

In that city the wine-cup was brilliantly flowing,
Joy held her high festival there ;
Not a fond bosom dreaming, (in luxury glowing,)
Of the close of that night of despair.

For the bride, her handmaiden the garland was wreath-
At the altar the bridegroom was waiting, [ing,
But vengeance impatiently round them was breathing,
And Death at that shrine was their greeting.

But the wine-cup is empty, and broken it lies,
The lip, which it foamed for, is cold ;
For the red wing of Death o'er Gomorrah now flies,
And Sodom is wrapped in its fold.

The bride is wedded, but the bridegroom is Death,
With his cold, damp, and grave-like hand ;
Her pillow is ashes, the slime-weed her wreath,
Heaven's flames are her nuptial band.

And near to that cold, that desolate sea,
Whose fruits are to ashes now turned,
Not a fresh blown flower, not a budding tree,
Now blooms where those cities were burned.

RUTH'S ANSWER TO NAOMI.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Entreat me not, I must not hear,
Mark but this sorrow-beaming tear ;
Thy answer's written deeply now
On this warm cheek and clouded brow ;
'Tis gleaming o'er this eye of sadness
Which only near *thee* sparkles gladness.

The hearts *most* dear to us are gone,
And *thou* and *I* are left alone ;
Where'er thou wanderest, I will go,
I'll follow thee through joy or wo ;
Shouldst thou to other countries fly,
Where'er thou lodgest, there will I.

Thy people shall my people be,
And to thy God, I'll bend the knee ;
Whither thou fliest, will I fly,
And where thou diest, I will die ;
And the same sod which pillows thee
Shall freshly, sweetly bloom for me.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

On the brow of Gilboa is war's bloody stain,
The pride and the beauty of Israel is slain ;

O publish it not in proud Askelon's street,
Nor tell it in Gáth, lest in triumph they meet,
For how are the mighty fallen !

O mount of Gilboa, no dew shalt thou see,
Save the blood of the Philistine fall upon thee ;
For the strong-pinioned eagle of Israel is dead,
Thy brow is his pillow, thy bosom his bed !
O how are the mighty fallen !

Weep, daughters of Israel, weep o'er his grave !
What breast will now pity, what arm will now save ?
O my brother ! my brother ! this heart bleeds for thee,
For thou wert a friend and a brother to me !
Ah, how are the mighty fallen !

THE SICK BED.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

O have you watched beside the bed,
Where rests the weary, aching head ?
And have you heard the long, deep groan,
The low said prayer, in half-breathed tone ?

O have you seen the fevered sleep,
Which speaks of agony within ?
The eye which would, but cannot weep,
And wipe away the stains of sin ?

O have you marked the struggling breath,
Which would, but cannot leave its clay ?
And have you marked the hand of death
Unbind, and bid it haste away ?

Then thou hast seen what thou shalt feel ;
Then thou hast read thy future doom ;

O pause, one moment, o'er death's seal,
There's no repentance in the tomb.

DEATH.

[WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.]

The destroyer cometh ; his footstep is light,
He marketh the threshold of sorrow at night ;
He steals like a thief o'er the fond one's repose,
And chills the warm tide from the heart as it flows.

His throne is the tomb, and a pestilent breath
Walks forth on the night-wind, the herald of death !
His couch is the bier, and the dark weeds of wo
Are the curtains which shroud joy's deadliest foe.

TO MY MOTHER.

[WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.]

O thou whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lip each note of love ;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove.

To thee my lay is due, the simple song,
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day ;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

O say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbbed like thine for me ?
Who would have smiled responsive ?—who in grief,
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieved like thee ?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon-eye,
Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear ?

Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,
And clasped me to her heart, with love's bright tear?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow?
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,
In all the agony of love and wo?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight-watch;
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom—
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
That wo hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

O then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

SABRINA.

*A Volcanic Island, which appeared and disappeared
among the Azores, in 1811.*

[WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.]

Isle of the ocean, say, whence comest thou ?
The smoke thy dark throne, and the blaze round thy
brow ;

The voice of the earthquake, proclaims thee abroad,
And the deep, at thy coming, rolls darkly and loud.

From the breast of the ocean, the bed of the wave,
Thou hast burst into being, hast sprung from the grave ;
A stranger, wild, gloomy, yet terribly bright,
Thou art clothed with the darkness, yet crowned with
the light.

Thou comest in flames, thou hast risen in fire ;
The wave is thy pillow, the tempest thy choir ;

They will lull thee to sleep on the ocean's broad
breast,

A slumb'ring volcano, an earthquake at rest.

Thou hast looked on the isle—thou hast looked on the
wave,

Then hie thee again to thy deep, watery grave ;

Go, quench thee in ocean, thou dark, nameless thing,

Thou spark from the *fallen one's* wide flaming wing.

THE PROPHECY.

To a Lady.

[WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.]

Let me gaze awhile on that marble brow,

On that full, dark eye, on that cheek's warm glow ;

Let me gaze for a moment, that, e'er I die,

I may read thee, maiden, a prophecy.

That brow may beam in glory awhile ;
That cheek may bloom, and that lip may smile ;
That full, dark eye may brightly beam
In life's gay morn, in hope's young dream ;
But clouds shall darken that brow of snow,
And sorrow blight thy bosom's glow.
I know by that spirit so haughty and high,
I know by that brightly-flashing eye,
That, maiden, there's that within thy breast,
Which hath marked thee out for a soul unblest :
The strife of love, with pride shall wring
Thy youthful bosom's tenderest string ;
And the cup of sorrow, mingled for thee,
Shall be drained to the dregs in agony.
Yes, maiden, yes, I read in thine eye,
A dark, and a doubtful prophecy.
Thou shalt love, and that love shall be thy curse ;
Thou wilt need no heavier, thou shalt feel no worse.
I see the cloud and the tempest near ;
The voice of the troubled tide I hear ;
The torrent of sorrow, the sea of grief,
The rushing waves of a wretched life ;

Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,
And, maiden, thy loved one is there with thee.
Not a star in the heavens, not a light on the wave !
Maiden, I've gazed on thine early grave.
When I am cold, and the hand of Death
Hath crowned my brow with an icy wreath ;
When the dew hangs damp on this motionless lip ;
When this eye is closed in its long, last sleep,
Then, maiden, pause, when thy heart beats high,
And think on my last sad prophecy.

PROPHECY II.

To another Lady.

[WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.]

I have told a maiden of hours of grief,
Of a bleeding heart, of a joyless life ;

I have read her a tale of future wo ;
I have marked her a pathway of sorrow below ;
I have read on the page of her blooming cheek,
A darker doom than my tongue dare speak.
Now, maiden, for thee, I will turn mine eye
To a brighter path through futurity.
The clouds shall pass from thy brow away,
And bright be the closing of life's long day ;
The storms shall murmur in silence to sleep,
And angels around thee their watches shall keep ;
Thou shalt live in the sun-beams of love and delight,
And thy life shall flow on 'till it fades into night ;
And the twilight of age shall come quietly on ;
Thou wilt feel, yet regret not, that daylight hath flown ;
For the shadows of evening shall melt o'er thy soul,
And the soft dreams of Heaven around thee shall roll,
'Till sinking in sweet, dreamless slumber to rest,
In the arms of thy loved one, still blessing and blest ;
Thy soul shall glide on to its harbour in Heaven,
Every tear wiped away—every error forgiven.

PROPHECY III.

To another Lady.

[WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.]

Wilt thou rashly unveil the dark volume of fate ?
It is open before thee, repentance is late ;
Too late, for behold, o'er the dark page of wo,
Move the days of thy grief, yet unnumbered below.
There is one, whose sad destiny mingles with thine ;
He was formed to be happy—he dared to repine ;
And jealousy mixed in his bright cup of bliss,
And the page of his fate grew still darker than this :
He gazed on thee, maiden, he met thee, and passed ;
But better for thee had the Siroc's fell blast,
Swept by thee, and wasted and faded thee there,
So youthful, so happy, so thoughtless, so fair.
And mark ye his broad brow ? 'tis noble, 'tis high ;
And mark ye the flash of his dark, eagle-eye ?

When the wide wheels of time have encircled the
world ;

When the banners of night in the sky are unfurled ;

Then, maiden, remember the tale I have told,

For farther I may not, I dare not unfold.

The rose on yon dark page is sear and decayed,

And thus, e'en in youth, shall thy fondest hopes fade ;

'Tis an emblem of thee, broken, withered, and pale,

Nay, start not, and blanch not, though dark be the tale ;

An hour-glass half-spent, and a tear-bedewed token,

A heart, withered, wasted, and bleeding and broken,

All these are the emblems of sorrow to be ;

I will veil the page, maiden, in pity to thee.

BYRON.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

His faults were great, his virtues less,

His mind a burning lamp of Heaven ;

His talents were bestowed to bless,
But were as vainly lost as given.

His was a harp of heavenly sound,
The numbers wild, and bold, and clear ;
But ah ! some demon, hovering round,
Tuned its sweet chords to Sin and Fear.

His was a mind of giant mould,
Which grasped at all beneath the skies ;
And his, a heart, so icy cold,
That virtue in its recess dies.

FEATS OF DEATH.

[WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.]

I have passed o'er the earth in the darkness of night,
I have walked the wild winds in the morning's broad
light ;

I have paused o'er the bower where the Infant lay
 sleeping,
And I've left the fond mother in sorrow and weep
 ing.

My pinion was spread, and the cold dew of night
Which withers and moulders the flower in its light,
Fell silently o'er the warm cheek in its glow,
And I left it there blighted, and wasted, and low ;
I culled the fair bud, as it danced in its mirth,
And I left it to moulder and fade on the earth.

I paused o'er the valley, the glad sounds of joy
Rose soft through the mist, and ascended on high ;
The fairest were there, and I paused in my flight,
And the deep cry of wailing broke wildly that night.

I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,
I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth,
But I sweep them all on to their home in the
 grave,
I stop not to pity—I stay not to save.

I paused in my pathway, for beauty was there ;
It was beauty too death-like, too cold, and too fair !
The deep purple fountain, seemed melting away,
And the faint pulse of life, scarce remembered to play ;
She had thought on the tomb, she was waiting for me,
I gazed, I passed on, and her spirit was free.

The clear stream rolled gladly, and bounded along,
With ripple, and murmur, and sparkle, and song ;
The minstrel was tuning his wild harp to love,
And sweet, and half-sad were the numbers he wove.
I passed, and the harp of the bard was unstrung ;
O'er the stream which rolled deeply, 'twas recklessly
hung ;
The minstrel was not ! and I passed on alone,
O'er the newly-raised turf, and the rudely-carved
stone.

SLANDER.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Once, it was said, that ladies kept
Slander's dark tongue, which secret slept ;
But they, dividing it 'midst all,
Full swiftly spread the fatal gall.

And round the earth's extensive range,
It was a thing most wondrous strange,
To meet a lady, old or young,
Without a share of this dread tongue.

At length, when tea delightful came,
Then kindled Slander's horrid flame ;
And round that beverage, once so mild,
Gathered full many a votress wild.

And haggard dames, with visage thin,
Their incantations dire begin ;
They mixed the poisonous essence there,
And hell-bred Slander fills the air.

With hissings loud, with many a yell,
It killed, it darkened where it fell ;
It left full many a wipeless stain,
And pierced the guiltless heart with pain.

At length the cloud which rose, dispersed,
Then spread through all the darkening earth ;
A sable speck came sailing by,
Wafted by fiends' wings through the sky !

All anxious eyes its progress trace,
It settles o'er my native place ;
Drop after drop full quickly fell,
And made that little heaven a hell.

Sudden, strange rumours met the ear,
Now here, now there, nay, everywhere ;
In unknown whispers many a tale
Was breathed, which made the lip turn pale.

And stories oft, with slander black,
Were to some tea-party traced back :

And still the herb retains the power
Of spreading scandal, to this hour !

Ah ! my loved village, once so calm,
Where shall I search for you a balm ?
I fear the wound's too dire, too deep ;
If so, I can but—"watch and weep !"

AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.

[WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.]

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers ;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter ;
It seemed that a law had been recently made
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid :
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

The batchelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use ;
'Twas horrid injustice, and horrid abuse,
And declared that to save their own heart's blood from
 spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.
But the rulers determined *them* still to pursue,
So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue.
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell, and his trumpet to blow,
And to call out to all he might meet in his way,
Ho ! forty old bachelors sold here to-day ;
And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red, and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.
The auctioneer then in his labour began,
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
“ How much for a bachelor ? who wants to buy ? ”
In a twink,* every maiden responded, “ I,—I ; ”

* “ That in a *twink* she won me to her love. ” — *Shakspeare* — [EDITOR.]

In short, at a highly-extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice ;
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

THE BACHELOR.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

To the world, (whose dread laugh he would tremble to
hear,
From whose scorn he would shrink with a cowardly
fear,)
The old bachelor proudly and boldly will say,
Single lives are the longest, single lives are most gay.

To the ladies, with pride, he will always declare,
That the links in love's chain are strife, trouble, and care ;
That a wife is a torment, and he will have none,
But at pleasure will roam through the wide world alone.

And let him pass on, in his sulky of state ;
O say, who would envy that mortal his fate ?
To brave all the ills of life's tempest alone,
Not a heart to respond the warm notes of his own.

His joys undivided no longer will please ;
The warm tide of his heart through inaction will freeze ;
His sorrows concealed, and unanswered his sighs,
The old bachelor curses his folly and dies.

Pass on, then, proud lone one, pass on to thy fate ;
Thy sentence is sealed, thy repentance too late ;
Like an arrow, which leaves not a trace on the wind,
No mark of thy pathway shall linger behind.

Not a sweet voice shall murmur its sighs o'er thy tomb ;
Not a fair hand shall teach thy lone pillow to bloom ;
Not a kind tear shall water thy dark, lonely bed,
By the living 'twas scorned, 'tis refused to the dead.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

*To Miss E. C.—Composed on a blank leaf of her
Paley, during recitation.*

[WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.]

I'm thy guardian angel, sweet maid, and I rest
In mine own chosen temple, thy innocent breast ;
At midnight I steal from my sacred retreat,
When the chords of thy heart in soft unison beat.

When thy bright eye is closed, when thy dark tresses
flow

In beautiful wreaths o'er thy pillow of snow ;
O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art,
And listen to music which steals from thy heart.

Thy smile is the sunshine which gladdens my soul,
My tempest the clouds, which around thee may roll ;

I feast my light form on thy rapture-breathed sighs,
And drink at the fount of those beautiful eyes.

The thoughts of thy heart are recorded by me ;
There are some which, half-breathed, half-acknowledged by thee,
Steal sweetly and silently o'er thy pure breast,
Just ruffling its calmness, then murm'ring to rest.

Like a breeze o'er the lake, when it breathlessly lies,
With its own mimic mountains, and star-spangled
skies ;

I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping,
To guard thee from spirits of sorrow and weeping.

I breathe o'er thy slumbers sweet dreams of delight,
Till you wake but to sigh for the visions of night ;
Then remember, wherever your pathway may lie,
Be it clouded with sorrow, or brilliant with joy ;
My spirit shall watch thee, wherever thou art,
My incense shall rise from the throne of thy heart.

Farewell ! for the shadows of evening are fled,
And the young rays of morning are wreathed round
my head.

ON THE CREW OF A VESSEL,

Who were found Dead at Sea.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

The breeze blew fair, the waving sea
Curled sparkling round the vessel's side ;
The canvass spread with bosom free
Its swan-like pinions o'er the tide.

Evening had gemmed with glittering stars,
Her coronet so darkly grand ;
The Queen of Night, with fleecy clouds
Had formed her turban's snowy band.

On, on the stately vessel flew,
With streamer waving far and wide ;
When lo ! a bark appeared in view,
And gaily danced upon the tide.

Each way the breeze its wild wing veered,
That way the stranger-vessel turned ;
Now near she drew, now wafted far,
She fluttered, trembled, and returned.

“ It is the pirate’s cursed bark !
The villains linger to decoy !
Thus bounding o’er the waters dark,
They seek to lure, and then destroy.

“ Perchance, those strange and wayward signs
May be the signals of distress,”
The Captain cried, “ for mark ye, now,
Her sails are flapping wide and loose.”

And now the stranger-vessel came
Near to that gay and gallant bark ;

It seemed a wanderer fair and lone,
Upon Life's wave, so deep and dark.

And not a murmur, not a sound,
Came from that lone and dreary ship ;
The icy chains of silence bound
Each rayless eye and pallid lip.

For Death's wing had been waving there,
The cold dew hung on every brow,
And sparkled there, like angel tears,
Shed o'er the silent crew below.

Onward that ship was gaily flying,
Its bosom the sailors's grave ;
The breeze, 'mid the shrouds, in low notes, sighing
Their requiem over the brave.

Fly on, fly on, thou lone vessel of death,
Fly on, with thy desolate crew ;
For mermaids are twining a sea-weed wreath,
'Mong the red coral groves for you.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

They told me of her history—her love
Was a neglected flame, which had consumed
The rose wherein it kindled. O how fraught
With bitterness is unrequited love !
To know that we have cast life's hope away
On a vain shadow !
Hers was a gentle passion, quiet, deep,
As a woman's love should be,
All tenderness and silence, only known
By the soft meaning of a downcast eye,
Which almost fears to look its timid thoughts ;
A sigh, scarce heard ; a blush, scarce visible,
Alone may give it utterance.—Love is
A beautiful feeling in a woman's heart,
When felt, as only woman love *can* feel !
Pure, as the snow-fall, when its latest shower
Sinks on spring-flowers ; deep, as a cave-locked fountain ;

And changeless as the cypress' green leaves ;
And like them, sad ! She nourished
Fond hopes and sweet anxieties, and fed
A passion unconfessed, till he she loved
Was wedded to another.—Then she grew
Moody and melancholy ; one alone
Had power to soothe her in her wanderings,
Her gentle sister ;—but that sister died,
And the unhappy girl was left alone,
A *maniac*.—She would wander far, and shunned
Her own accustomed dwelling ; and her haunt
Was that dead sister's grave : and that to her
Was as a home.—

TO A LADY,

Whose singing resembled that of an absent Sister.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Oh ! touch the chord yet once again,
Nor chide me, though I weep the while ;
Believe me, that deep, seraph strain
Bore with it memory's moonlight smile.

It murmured of an absent friend ;
The voice, the air, 'twas all her own ;
And hers those wild, sweet notes, which blend
In one mild, murmuring, touching tone.

And days and months have darkly passed,
Since last I listened to her lay ;
And Sorrow's cloud its shade hath cast,
Since then, across my weary way.

Yet still the strain comes sweet and clear,
Like seraph-whispers, lightly breathing;
Hush, busy Memory, Sorrow's tear
Will blight the garland thou art wreathing.

'Tis sweet, though sad—yes, I will stay,
I cannot tear myself away.
I thank thee, lady, for the strain,
The tempest of my soul is still;
Then touch the chord yet once again,
For thou canst calm the storm at will.

TO MY FRIEND AND PATRON,

M—— K——, Esq.

[WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.]

And can my simple harp be strung
To higher theme, to nobler end,

Than that of gratitude to thee,
To thee, my father and my friend ?

I may not, cannot, will not say
All that a grateful heart would breathe ;
But I may frame a simple lay,
Nor Slander blight the blushing wreath.

Yes, I will touch the string to thee,
Nor fear its wildness will offend ;
For well I know that thou wilt be,
What thou hast ever been—a friend.

There are, whose cold and idle gaze
Would freeze the current where it flows ;
But Gratitude shall guard the fount,
And Faith shall light it as it flows.

Then tell me, may I dare to twine
While o'er my simple harp I bend,
This little offering for thee,
For thee, my father, and my friend ?

ON SEEING

A PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

PAINTED SEVERAL CENTURIES SINCE.

A Fragment.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Roll back, thou tide of time, and tell
Of book, of rosary, and bell ;
Of cloistered nun, with brow of gloom,
Immured within her living tomb ;
Of monks, of saints, and vesper-song,
Borne gently by the breeze along ;
Of deep-toned organ's pealing swell ;
Of ave marie, and funeral knell ;
Of midnight taper, dim and small,
Just glimmering through the high-arched hall ;
Of gloomy cell, of penance lone,
Which can for darkest deeds atone ;

Roll back, and lift the veil of night,
For I would view the anchorite.
Yes, there he sits, so sad, so pale,
Shuddering at Superstition's tale ;
Crossing his breast with meagre hand,
While saints and priests, a motley band,
Arrayed before him, urge their claim
To heal in the Redeemer's name ;
To mount the saintly ladder, (made
By every monk, of every grade,
From portly abbot, fat and fair,
To yon lean starveling, shivering there,)
And mounting thus, to usher in
The soul, thus ransomed from its sin.
And tell me, hapless bigot, why,
For what, for whom did Jesus die,
If pyramids of saints must rise
To form a passage to the skies ?
And think you man can wipe away
With fast and penance, day by day,
One single sin, too dark to fade
Before a bleeding Saviour's shade ?

O ye of little faith, beware !
For neither shrift, nor saint, nor prayer,
Would ought avail ye without Him,
Beside whom saints themselves grow dim.
Roll back, thou tide of time, and raise
The faded forms of other days !
Yon time-worn picture, darkly grand,
The work of some forgotten hand,
Will teach thee half thy mazy way,
While Fancy's watch-fires dimly play.
Roll back, thou tide of time, and tell
Of secret charm, of holy spell,
Of Superstition's midnight rite,
Of wild Devotion's seraph flight,
Of Melancholy's tearful eye,
Of the sad votaress' frequent sigh,
That trembling from her bosom rose,
Divided 'twixt her Saviour's woes
And some warm image lingering there,
Which, half-repulsed by midnight prayer,
Still, like an outcast child, will creep
Where sweetly it was wont to sleep,

And mingle its unhallowed sigh
With cloister-prayer and rosary ;
Then tell the pale, deluded one
Her vows are breathed to God alone ;
Those vows, which tremulously rise,
Love's last, love's sweetest sacrifice.—

[*Unfinished.*]

AMERICAN POETRY.

A Fragment.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Must every shore ring boldly to the voice
Of sweet poetic harmony, save this ?
Rouse thee, America ! for shame ! for shame !
Gather thy infant bands, and rise to join
Thy glimmering taper to the holy flame :—
Such honour, if no other, may be thine.

Shall Gallia's children sing beneath the yoke ?

Shall Ireland's harpstrings thrill, though all unstrung ?
And must America, her bondage broke,

Oppression's blood-stains from her garment wrung,
Must she be silent ?—who may then rejoice ?

If she be tuneless, Harmony, farewell !
Oh ! shame, America ! wild Freedom's voice

Echoes, “shame on thee,” from her wild-wood dell.
Shall conquered Greece still sing her glories past ?

Shall humbled Italy in ruins smile ?

And canst *thou* then———[*Unfinished.*]

HEAD-ACH.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Head-ach ! thou bane to Pleasure's fairy spell,
Thou fiend, thou foe to joy, I know thee well !
Beneath thy lash I've writhed for many an hour,—
I hate thee, for I've known, and dread thy power.

Even the heathen gods were made to feel
The aching torments which thy hand can deal ;
And Jove, the ideal king of heaven and earth,
Owned thy dread power, which called stern Wisdom
forth.

Wouldst thou thus ever bless each aching head,
And bid Minerva make the brain her bed,
Blessings might then be taught to rise from wo,
And Wisdom spring from every throbbing brow.

But always the reverse to me, unkind,
Folly forever dogs thee close behind :
And from this burning brow, her cap and bell,
Forever jingle Wisdom's funeral knell.

TO A STAR.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

'Thou brightly-glittering star of even,
Thou gem upon the brow of Heaven,
Oh ! were this fluttering spirit free,
How quick 'twould spread its wings to thee,

How calmly, brightly dost thou shine,
Like the pure lamp in Virtue's shrine !
Sure the fair world which thou mayst boast
Was never ransomed, never lost.

There, beings pure as Heaven's own air,
Their hopes, their joys together share ;
While hovering angels touch the string,
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There cloudless days and brilliant nights,
Illumed by Heaven's refulgent lights ;

There seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling star of even,
Thou gem upon an azure Heaven,
How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free.

SONG OF VICTORY,

FOR THE DEATH OF GOLIATH.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Strike with joy the wild harp's string,
God, O Israel, is your King !
We have slain our deadliest foe,
David's arm hath laid him low.

Saul hath oft his thousands slain,
His trophies have bedecked the plain ;

But David's tens of thousands lie
In slaughtered millions, mounted high.

Sound the trumpet—strike the string,
Loud let the song of victory ring ;
Wreath with glory David's brow,
He hath laid Goliath low.

Mark him on yon crimson plain,
He is conquered—he is slain ;
He who lately rose so high,
Scoffed at man, and braved the sky.

Strike with joy the wild harp's string,
God, O Israel, is your King !
We have slain our deadliest foe,
David's arm hath laid him low.

THE INDIAN CHIEF AND CONCONAY.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

The Indian Chieftain is far away,
Through the forest his footsteps fly,
But his heart is behind him with Conconay,
He thinks of his love in the bloody fray,
When the storm of war is high.

But little he thinks of the bloody foe,
Who is bearing that love away ;
And little he thinks of her bosom's wo,
And little he thinks of the burning brow
Of his lovely Conconay.

They tore her away from her friends, from her home,
They tore her away from her Chief,
Through the wild-wood, when weary, they forced her
to roam,
Or to dash the light oar in the river's white foam,
While her bosom o'erflowed with grief.

But there came a foot, 'twas swift, 'twas light,
 'Twas the brother of him she loved ;
His heart was kind, and his eye was bright ;
He paused not by day, and he slept not by night,
 While through the wild forest he roved.

'Twas Lightfoot, the generous, 'twas Lightfoot the
 young,
And he loved the sweet Conconay ;
But his bosom to honour and virtue was strung,
And the chords of his heart should to breaking be
 wrung,
E'er love should gain o'er him the sway.

Far, far from her stern foes he bore her away,
 And sought his own forest once more ;
But sad was the heart of the young Conconay,
Her bosom recoiled when she strove to be gay.
 And was even more drear than before.

Tis evening, and weary, and faint, and weak
 Is the beautiful Conconay ;

She could wander no farther, she strove to speak,
But lifeless she sunk upon Lightfoot's neck.

And seemed breathing her soul away.

The young warrior raised his eyes to Heaven,
He turned them towards the west,
For one moment a ray of light was given,
Like lightning, which through the cloud hath riven,
But to strike at the fated breast.

For there was his brother returning from far,
O'er his shoulder his scalps were slung ;
For he had been victor amid the war,
His plume had gleamed like the polar star,
And on him had the victory hung.

The Chieftain paused in his swift career,
For he knew his Conconay ;
He saw the maid his heart held dear,
On the breast of his brother, in the forest drear,
From her home so far away.

He bent his bow, the arrow flew,

It was aimed at Lightfoot's breast ;

And it pierced a heart, as warm and true

As ever a mortal bosom knew,

Or in mortal garb was dressed.

He turned to his love—from her brilliant eye

The cloud was passing away ;

She let fall a tear—she breathed a sigh—

She turned towards Lightfoot—she uttered a cry,

For weltering in gore he lay.

Her heart was filled with horror and wo,

When she gazed on the form of her Chief,

'Twas his loved hand, that had bent the bow,

'Twas he who had laid her preserver low ;

And she yielded her soul to grief.

And 'twas said, that ere time had healed the wound

In the breast of the mourning maid,

That a pillar was reared on the fatal ground,

And ivy the snow-white monument crowned
With its dark and jealous shade.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT

FOR HER INFANT.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Cold is his brow, and the dew of the evening
Hangs damp o'er that form I so fondly caressed ;
Dim is that eye, which once sparkled with gladness,
Hushed are the griefs of my infant to rest.

Calmly he lies on a bosom far colder
Than that which once pillowed his health-blushing
cheek,
Calmly he'll rest there, and silently moulder,
No grief to disturb him, no sigh to awake.

Dread king of the grave, Oh ! return me my child !

Unfetter his heart from the cold chains of death !

Monarch of terrors, so gloomy, so silent,

Loose the adamant clasp of thy cold icy wreath !

Where is my infant ? the storms may descend,

The snows of the winter may cover his head ;

The wing of the wind o'er his low couch may bend,

And the frosts of the night sparkle bright o'er the dead.

Where is my infant ? the damp ground is cold,

Too cold for those features so laughing and light ;

Methinks, these fond arms should encircle his form,

And shield off the tempest which wanders at night.

This fond bosom loved him, ah ! loved him too dearly,

And the frail idol fell, while I bent to adore ;

All its beauty has faded, and broken before me

Is the God my heart ventured to worship before.

'Tis just, and I bow 'neath the mandate of Heaven,

Thy will, oh, my Father ! forever be done !

Bless God, O my soul, for the chastisement given,
Henceforth will I worship my Saviour alone !

ON THE MOTTO OF A SEAL,

“If I lose thee, I am lost.”

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Wafted o'er a treacherous sea,
Far from home, and far from thee ;
Between the Heaven and ocean tossed,
“If I lose thee, I am lost.”

When the polar star is beaming
O'er the dark-browed billows gleaming.
I think of thee and dangers crossed,
For, “if I lose thee, I am lost.”

When the lighthouse fire is blazing
High towards Heaven its red crest raising ;
I think of thee, while onward tossed,
For "if I lose thee, I am lost."

MORNING.

[WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.]

I come in the breath of the wakened breeze,
I kiss the flowers, and I bend the trees ;
And I shake the dew, which hath fallen by night,
From its throne, on the lily's pure bosom of white.
Awake thee, when bright from my couch in the sky,
I beam o'er the mountains, and come from on high ;
When my gay purple banners are waving afar ;
When my herald, gray dawn, hath extinguished each
star ;
When I smile on the woodlands, and bend o'er the lake,
Then awake thee, O maiden, I bid thee awake !

Thou mayst slumber when all the wide arches of
Heaven

Glitter bright with the beautiful fires of even ;
When the moon walks in glory, and looks from on high,
O'er the clouds floating far through the clear azure sky,
Drifting on like the beautiful vessels of Heaven,
To their far away harbour, all silently driven,
Bearing on, in their bosoms, the children of light,
Who have fled from this dark world of sorrow and
night ;

When the lake lies in calmness and darkness, save
where

The bright ripple curls, 'neath the smile of a star ;
When all is in silence and solitude here,
Then sleep, maiden, sleep ! without sorrow or fear !
But when I steal silently over the lake,
Awake thee then, maiden, awake ! Oh, awake !

SHAKSPEARE.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Shakspeare ! “ with all thy faults, (and few have more,)
“ I love thee still,” and still will con thee o’er.
Heaven, in compassion to man’s erring heart,
Gave thee of virtue—then, of vice a part,
Lest we, in wonder here, should bow before thee,
Break God’s commandment, worship, and adore thee :
But admiration now, and sorrow join ;
His works we reverence, while we pity thine.

TO A FRIEND,

Whom I had not seen since my Childhood.

[WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.]

And thou hast marked, in childhood’s hour,
The fearless boundings of my breast,

When fresh as Summer's opening flower,
I freely frolicked, and was blessed.

Oh! say, was not this eye more bright?
Were not these lips more wont to smile?
Methinks that then my heart was light,
And I a fearless, joyous child.

And thou didst mark me gay and wild,
My careless, reckless laugh of mirth;
The simple pleasures of a child,
The holiday of man on earth.

Then thou hast seen me in that hour,
When every nerve of life was new,
When pleasures fanned youth's infant flower,
And Hope her witcheries round it threw.

That hour is fading, it has fled,
And I am left in darkness now;
A wand'rer towards a lowly bed,
The grave, that home of all below.

THE FEAR OF MADNESS.

*Written while confined to her bed, during her last
Illness.*

There is a something which I dread,
It is a dark, a fearful thing ;
It steals along with withering tread,
Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour
Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness ;
'Tis not the dread of death—'tis more,
It is the dread of madness.

Oh ! may these throbbing pulses pause,
Forgetful of their feverish course ;
May this hot brain, which burning, glows
With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still,
A tenant of its lowly bed,
But let not dark delirium steal

* * * * *

[*Unfinished.*]

This was the last piece she ever wrote.

[I have made a single selection from her school-exercises, from which may be formed some idea of her prose composition.—ED.]

COLUMBUS.

[WRITTEN IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR.]

WHAT must have been the feelings of Christopher Columbus, when, for the first time, he knelt and clasped his hands, in gratitude, upon the shores of his newly-discovered world? Year after year has rolled

away ; war, famine, and fire have alternately swept the face of that country ; the hand of tyranny hath oppressed it ; the footstep of the slave hath wearily trodden it ; the blood of the slaughtered hath dyed it ; the tears of the wretched have bedewed it ; still, even at this remote period, every feeling bosom will delight to dwell upon this brilliant era in the life of the persevering adventurer. At that moment, his name was stamped upon the records of history forever ; at that moment, doubt, fear, and anxiety fled, for his foot had pressed upon the threshold of the promised land.

The bosom of Columbus hath long since ceased to beat—its hopes, its fears, its projects, sleep, with him, the long and dreamless slumber of the grave ; but while there remains one generous pulsation in the human breast, his name and his memory will be held sacred.

When the cold dews of uncertainty stood upon his brow ; when he beheld nothing but the wide heavens above, the boundless waters beneath and around him ; himself and his companions in that little bark, the only beings upon the endless world of sky and ocean ;

when he looked back and thought upon his native land ; when he looked forward, and in vain traversed the liquid desert, for some spot upon which to fix the aching eye of anxiety ; oh ! say, amidst all these dangers, these uncertainties, whence came that high, unbending hope, which still soared onward to the world before him ? whence that undying patience, that more than mortal courage, which forbade his cheek to blanch amid the storm, or his heart to recoil in the dark and silent hour of midnight ? It was from God—it was of God—his Spirit overshadowed the adventurer ! By day, an unseen cloud directed him—by night, a brilliant, but invisible column moved before him, gleaming athwart the boundless waste of waters. The winds watched over him, and the waves upheld him, for God was with him—the whirlwind passed over his little bark, and left it still riding onward, in safety, towards its unknown harbour—for the eye of him who pierces the deep was fixed upon it.

Columbus had hoped, feared, and had been disappointed ; he had suffered long and patiently—he had strained every faculty, every nerve ; he had pledged

his very happiness upon the discovery of an unknown land ; and what must have been the feelings of his soul, when, at length bending over that very land, his grateful bosom offered its tribute of praise and thanksgiving to the Being who had guarded and guided him through death and danger ? He beheld the bitter smile of scorn and derision fade before the reality of that vision, which had been ridiculed and mocked at ; he thought upon the thousand obstacles which he had surmounted ; he thought upon those who had regarded him as a self-devoted enthusiast, a visionary madman, and his full heart throbbed in gratitude to Him, whose Spirit had inspired him, whose voice had sent him forth, and whose arm had protected him.

FINIS.







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